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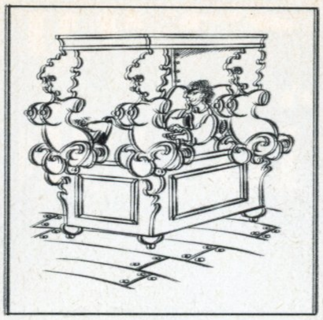

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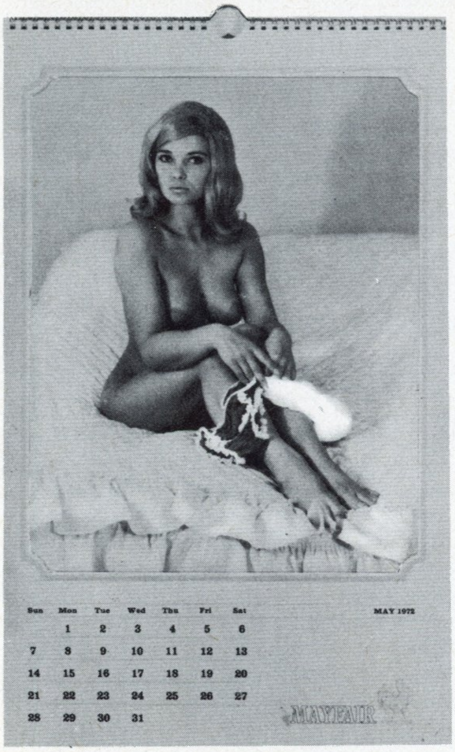

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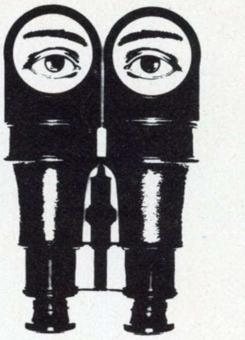


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Mayfair's recent appearance on BBC1 television during the four day Fastnet race – a major event in the Admiral's Cup series – didn't go unnoticed to judge by the letters we received.

We can now reveal that the seafaring gentleman avidly reading his copy of Mayfair when the cameras closed in, was Patrick Lilley, crew member of the Lloyd's Yacht Club's 'Lutine.'

The 'Lutine,' although not officially in the British team, managed a very creditable 29th placing in the 230 strong squadron – right in amongst the cream of the world's yachtsmen.

Skipper, Michael Baxter, a Lloyd's broker, told us: 'We usually have several copies of Mayfair around. The Fastnet race takes four days and we like to unwind a little during the quieter periods. It was a pleasant trip.'

And what of Edward Heath, who skippered 'Morning Cloud' and led the British team to victory in the series?

A Downing Street spokesman informed us: 'I don't think they actually took anything. Life on board 'Morning Cloud' is very spartan indeed and it doesn't run to Mayfair. When the crew aren't working, they're eating and sleeping.'

Any Mayfair reader passing the embankment entrance of the Savoy Hotel one day last month at the crack of dawn – for some of us dawn cracks with a nasty throbbing at around 9.45 – might have wondered at the unshaven gentlemen converging on that plush edifice. Somewhere among them was Mayfair's representative as furry about the jowls as the rest.

In fact, he was bent on a free shave.

But before you totter into the back door of the Savoy, slip the 'maitre de' a couple of dog ends and ease into a gold plated bathroom, think again. On this occasion, Wilkinson Sword were introducing both a new 'bonded' shaving system and a champagne breakfast.

In the Savoy our man lost no time in grabbing a glass of champagne, a delicious promotion dolly, a shave and some breakfast – though not necessarily in that order; then went in search of some facts. The Wilkinson Sword people estimate 30 per cent of razors are bought by women, most women shave their legs while in the bath but no, they couldn't help with statistics for women who shaved their pubes – their research hadn't gone quite so far – but it would probably be quite small. And no, the promotion girls didn't shave their pubes and no, they wouldn't like to prove it in the interests of research.

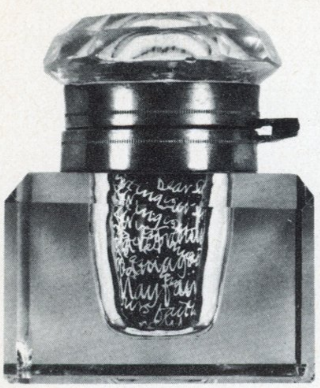
Ah yes; the Bonded Shaving System would be available everywhere by now – and our man recommends it for the best shave he's ever had in his life – close, fast and impossible to cut yourself.

We have always considered the Mayfair Members Club's free £1,000 insurance offer against fatal accidents while in transit by air, sea or road – including death from a hijacking, a sound and valuable idea. Now we have discovered that others got there before us – 78 years ago.

On March 16 1893 The Christian Pictorial, a religious illustrated weekly – printed in Chancery Lane but nothing to do with Mayfair – offered free insurance of £1,000 against fatal railway accidents. You had to sign the coupon in the magazine (which you weren't allowed to cut from the page) and carry it with you whenever you boarded a train. It had to be found on your person at the time of the fatality otherwise your representative and heirs couldn't claim.

It was one way, we suppose, of reassuring those Victorian commuters; 'Dash it Mabel if you don't find me Pictorial I'll have to walk to the office.'

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

We were amazed and delighted to see your latest double page spread (Vol. 6 No. 9). No, not Miss Penny Mallett, but the engine compartment of the ex Jack Broadhead 4½ Litre Bentley at Oulton Park.
Our workshop foreman, Trevor Smith, before he moved South, was mainly responsible for this amazing piece of exhibitionism, making many of the parts and responsible for polishing and fitting the whole thing together.
Richard J. Gibbings, Paul Weldon Automobiles Ltd., Stalbridge, Sturminster Newton, Dorset

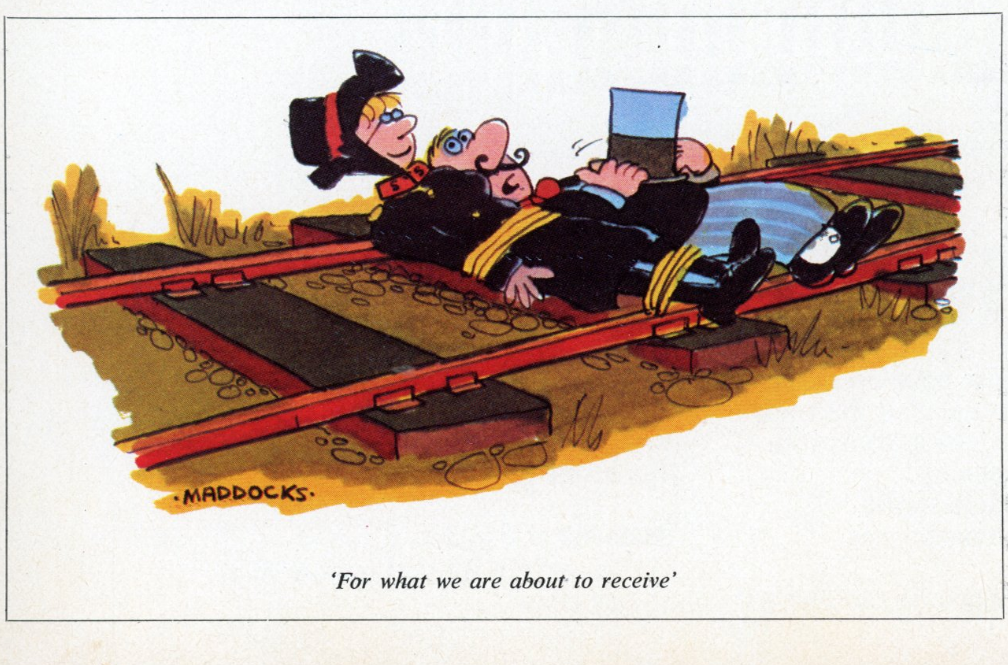
I was recently invited to a party at my employer's house. His wife is far younger than he is and when we were dancing together she began grinding her hips into me. It gave me an erection (of course) and this seemed to turn her on even more. I was drunk enough to try and get her to come into a bedroom with me but she wouldn't. I've seen her since but she gave no indication of this tremendous sexual thing between us. Do you think the next move is up to me? What do you advise?
Paul B, Bournemouth, Hants. (full name and address withheld on request)

Drop it and be pleased your experience came cheaply. Employers have power over employees. Employers' wives often feel a need to exercise similar powers over the same people, especially if you are young and virile. You say too, that you were a bit drunk. Have the grace to allow her a similar dispensation. It was a pleasant few moments but probably never meant as more than that.

I read with relish the recently published 1971 preliminary census report.
It shows a healthy surplus of 1058 women to every 1000 men in this swinging isle. Reassuring isn't it? For every 20 men short of a chick there are 21 girls short of a man.
My own hastily convened statistics show that of these 21 dollies, on average, three are likely to be more interested in their own sex; five are likely to have seven feet tall protective brothers and fathers and four are 'not that sort of girl.'
In light of this, your anonymous expert's postcard correspondence in Vol. 6 No. 6 relating a surplus of bachelors to unmarried women of very nearly two to one might not be quite so misleading after all.
In passing I'm surprised the census didn't come up with the average female measurements for each age-group. Those at least might have been statistics worth something. I'm surprised you hadn't thought of that.
N. Sutton, Nottingham

We did. We have. We always will. We do it every issue.

One icy night my husband and I were motoring home through the snow after visiting friends in the country – our journey slowed by failing windscreen wipers – when our final drinks began to make themselves felt. We eventually found a 'loo' and parked down the nearest street. It was 2 am and the road was deserted.
We both jumped out of the car and my husband set off for the toilets at a run. I slipped – and that was the final straw. I whipped down my pants and was in full uncontrollable flow when round the corner came a car, headlights full on my bare bum.
I desperately pulled up my now sodden pants and sheepishly got back into the car, accompanied by the whistles and cheers of the two policemen doing their night patrol by panda car.
Elva Smith, Beechwood Farm, Dunkeswell, Honiton, Devon
Your letter didn't win the prize in our embarrassing moment feature but we thought it worth printing together with the next letter, to lift up the hearts of the constabulary, and demonstrate that a policeman's lot is not always an unhappy one.



'For what we are about to receive'

The story of the couple making love in the airliner reminds me of when I was a squad car driver some years ago. In a layby on the main London to Southend arterial road one November night we spotted a motorcycle. At first we thought the rider was ill but as we drew in and the bike came fully into our headlights we saw that the boy and his pillion passenger were having sexual intercourse along the length of the bike.
Ex-policeman (name and address withheld)

A case, we imagine, of chilly chilly bang bang.

Do I sense a minor controversy being stirred up by G.D. of Ashford (Vol. 6 No. 8) when he condemns out of hand, the use of optional extras on mass produced saloons?
Won't someone tell him that we can't all afford to flash around in Maserati Ghiblis and their ilk? Many of us are stuck with 'utility' motors and it's getting to the stage where we fit acres of spotlights and paint them day-glo purple to be able to recognise our own.
I must however agree with his Fiat recommendation. I've owned a small 124 saloon for two years and while the engine is still so tight I can out-perform pretty well anything else through the rush-hour, I've so far needed no replacements by mechanical default.
If any of your readers do feel like being a little different, maybe they should try an armoured scout car – you can get them for around £500. A very good friend of mine who drives one painted in black and yellow can get 50 mph in four wheel drive from his Rolls engine. The single drawback is fuel consumption – around 6 miles to the gallon.
Oh yes, and one other thing – a curious by-law forbids their use inside the boundaries of the City of Westminster.
L. Frobisher, Drayton Gardens, London SW10

Your whisky feature (Vol. 6 No. 9) has raised a point of contention between my Scottish born wife and myself.
She is sure that anyone can distill their own whisky if they wish and doing so is not against the law.
I maintain this is ridiculous – otherwise every right minded man in the country would be

turn to page 10

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STUD

LETTERS

continued from page 8

distilling away left, right and centre for all they were worth. Wouldn't they?
F. Newby, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead

Your wife is right, to a degree. You are quite entitled to nip round to your friendly neighbourhood Excise authority and apply for a licence to distill whisky – this will cost you £15·75, the annual licence duty. Clutching the paper in your fist and hardly able to believe your luck, you are now ready to start. Before you start unloading malt by the ton into your bath, however, it is only fair to warn you that you are supposed to construct a distillery and plant, under the eagle eye of the Excise bods, to reasonable commercial size – and for that you'll need at least a couple of million . . .

My fellow readers of Mayfair seem extremely silent on the question of Hot Pants. Is their reaction like mine: I hate them. They look fine when you first see the bird but later on they are IMPREGNABLE. And what a bloody struggle to get them off, in the back of a car especially.
My elder brother talks of the problem of roll-ons that never rolled-off. I've told him that's nothing compared with hot pants. When I first met my present girl friend she wore hot pants, tights, and briefs. Now she just wears bikini pants, and does it feel good up there!
D.H. (full name and address withheld)

Office opinion has it that the best approach is to stand behind the girl, put your hands around her waist, under the braces or bib of her hot pants, if necessary, and then dive. Provided you're under the top of her tights you're home and dry, ahem, damp.

A recent comparison with your two close competitors (the two P's) shows me that Mayfair is immeasurably superior. Your recent apparent sacking of Mayfair's touch-up artist has raised the magazine's status from very good to as near perfect as makes no difference. Mayfair manages a well-balanced marriage of aesthetic photographs, witty fables and serious articles – so please keep it up.
I. S. Johns, Manorbier, Pembrokeshire

Edward Knox writes: I resent being referred to as a touch-up artist. My relationship with Mayfair's models has nearly always been pure and unsullied (though not for want of trying) and I have not been sacked. What is more I have no trouble keeping it up – so stick that in your thatch and ponder.

So, another sacred cow falls. In Vol. 6 No. 9 not only do we get the beautiful Penny Mallett but also full frontal colour advertising from Sonab.
Is this the first time pubic fuzz had appeared in advertising? And if so, why didn't the girl keep still for a moment?
P. Salter, Boulters Lock, Maidenhead, Surrey

You come from Maidenhead and don't know?

I had thought we were the only people who played it, but I see from your October issue (Vol. 6 No. 10) that those Sonab hi-fi chaps know all about it. I refer of course to a new version of an old party game called the 'statue dance'. It's a very simple (and effective) game – when the music stops, anyone caught moving has an article of clothing removed by their partner. Needless to say, after a while there's a certain lack of enthusiasm for standing still, and the whole thing becomes a very friendly affair. The whole area of music and its relationship to sexual stimulation and activity seems to have been inadequately explored. After all, we know how effective the other four senses can be but until the arrival of stereo systems, which really fill the room with sound it was not possible (unless you restricted your movements) to get the full benefit of sensually stimulating music.
I would be very interested to hear whether any of your readers have experience of the erotic effect of music – and for that matter, its effectiveness in certain situations. Maybe you'd care to write a feature on sound seduction techniques?
J. Osborne, Bryanston Square, London W1

As a bona fide beach comber of reasonable repute in my native parts, may I say that

turn to page 82

SEXOPOLY

AND TO THINK, IF IT WASN'T FOR SEXOPOLY WE'D STILL BE "JUST GOOD FRIENDS"

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MFG

LETTERS

continued from page 10

if Miss Penny Mallett cares to sunbathe upon my own stretch of beach at any time, I will renounce my obsession for driftwood, oil drums and bits of cork float for ever. Let no-one say I have my priorities wrong.

F. T, Mevagissey, Cornwall (name withheld)

Your girl in the grass, Helena Ortenby (Vol. 6 No. 9) was very evocative of an experience of my own several years ago. I remember a girl with the same pert breasts and so-female bottom who led me a merry chase through the Cheshire countryside.

We had taken a picnic to Delamere, still a popular place with young couples, and had ventured into a field of long grass beside the forest.

The salad and cold chicken were well washed down with a couple of bottles of fine Spanish Rose which I had, ahem, spirited away from my father's fine stock and we were both feeling in merry mood.

The girl, a subtly knowing secretary from my place of work and two years older than myself, invited me to take a roll on the grass. As I grappled she jumped up, leaving her blouse behind and ran across the field in jeans and bra. I gave chase. The girl came down in a smooth tackle and so did her jeans. She squirmed out of them and off she went in bra and pants. Another tackle and down came girl and pants. Off she went again, oblivious of her pantiless state and giggling furiously.

Finally down came girl, bra and myself. I am not ashamed to say I took advantage of her and we did not emerge from the grass for a considerable time.

F.J., Nantwich, Cheshire (full name and address withheld on request)

Are there any dance halls in London frequented by tall women? I am well over six feet tall and at dance halls and discotheques it's hard to find a girl who comes up to my shoulder. Surely in London, hidden away somewhere, are some swinging dancing girls who would appreciate a guy who doesn't have to look up to them.

R.C., Westerham, Kent (full name and address withheld)

I'm sticking my neck out; but haven't I seen that girl wearing the black rubber diving suit in the Booths Gin advert (Mayfair Vol. 6 No. 9) somewhere before? Is she well known?

F. H. Clarke, Burnham Beeches, Bucks (full address withheld)

Yes, Mr Clarke, you have. Gabrielle Nolan first appeared in Mayfair last December (Vol. 5 No. 12). As you will see from the picture we print here, the shiny front of that diving suit covers a great deal more of Miss Nolan than you might have thought possible.

As a female reader of Mayfair I see that I fall into G.E. of Braintree's first category (Vol. 6 No. 8).

I like to show off accidentally so when I bend to pick things up, I bend from the hips – fully realising that I am giving your readers a 'sighting.'

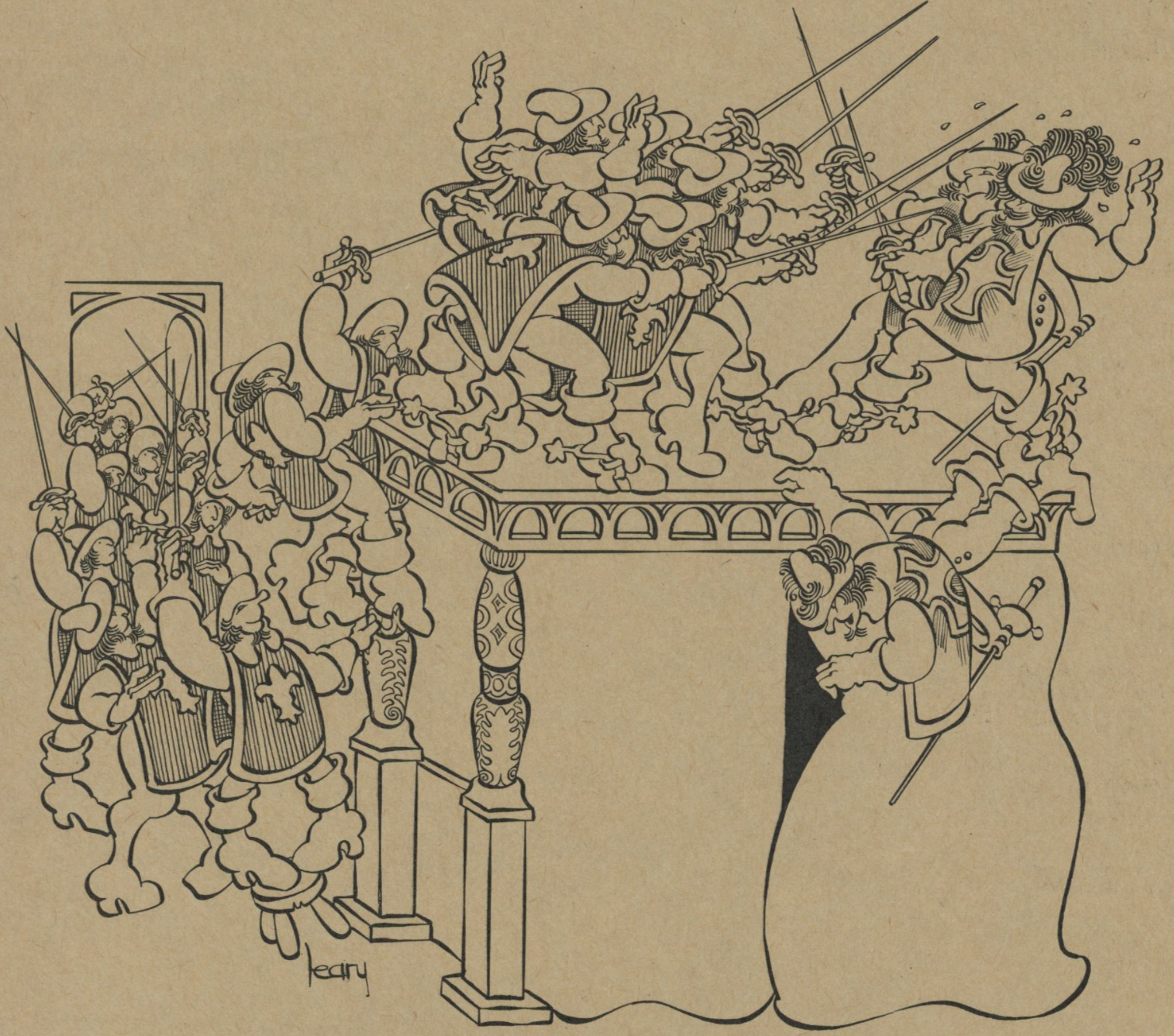
At the same time I rarely wear a bra and get a great kick from watching the fellows gaze at me through a see-through blouse or a jumper. I also get terrific service from male shop assistants and garage attendants, especially the latter when they see me bending over, struggling to put air into my car tyres.

The only times I fall into the 'Oops, I nearly forgot' category is when I'm wearing no panties at all. Then I have to be more careful though the expert dolly watchers still get their rewards.

Sandra Bishop, Hurstbourne Gardens, Barking, Essex

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

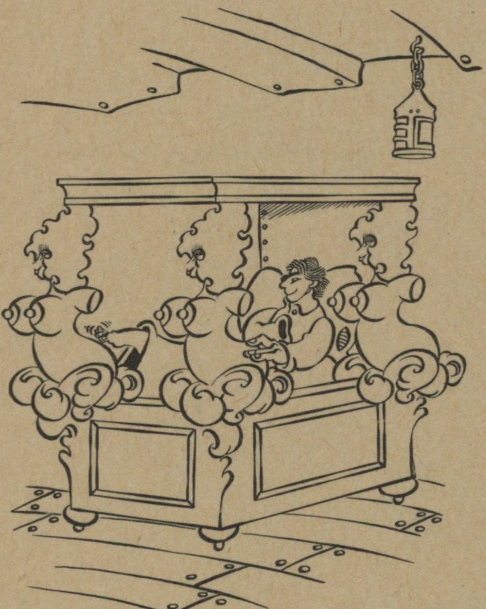
THE THREE MUSKETEERS



'Hurry up D'Artagnan, we can't hold on for ever'

BESPOKE BEDS

Cartoonist Colin Leary turns cabinet maker
to construct four-posters for the famous



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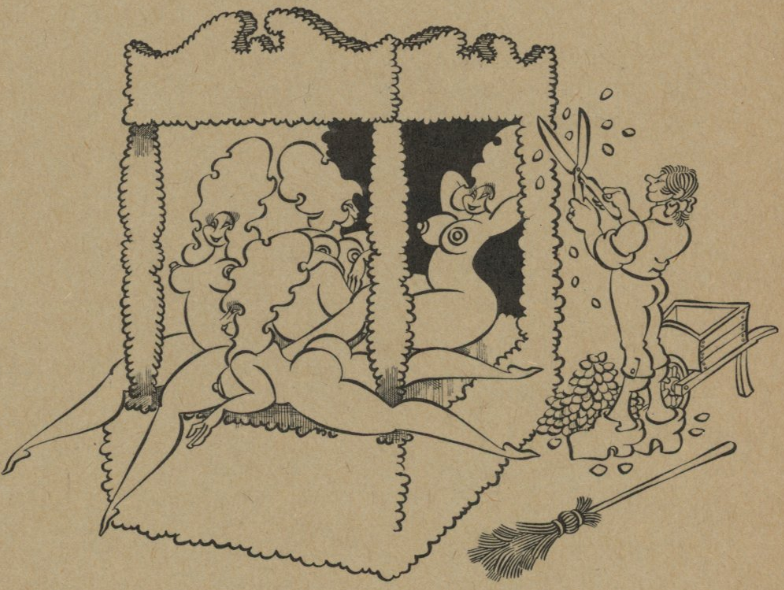
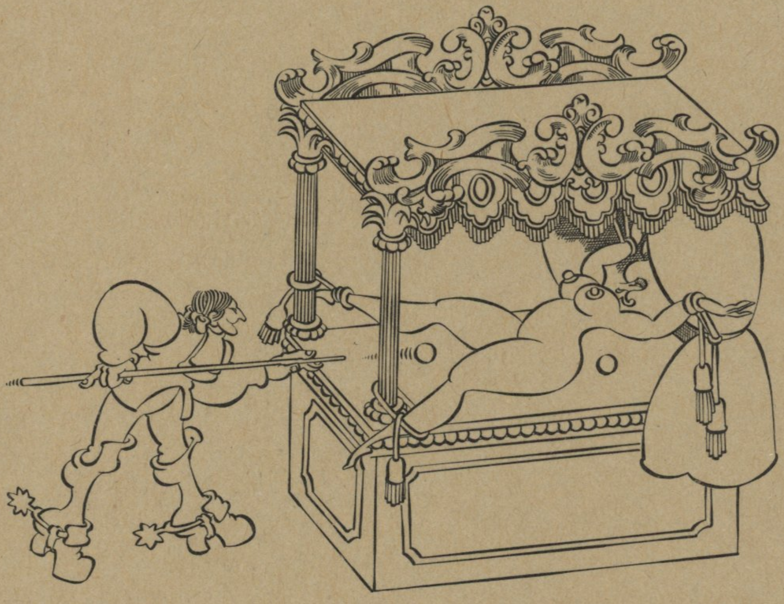
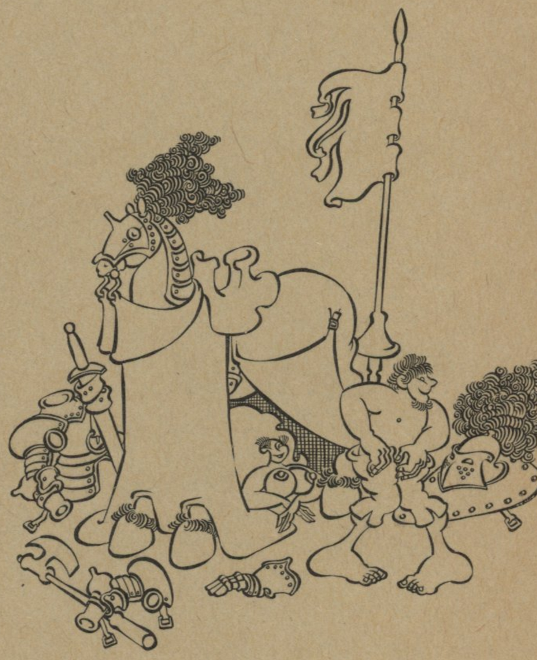


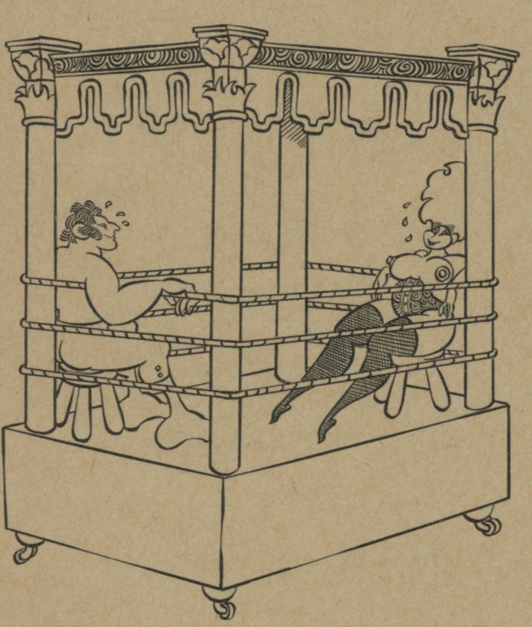
CAPABILITY BROWN



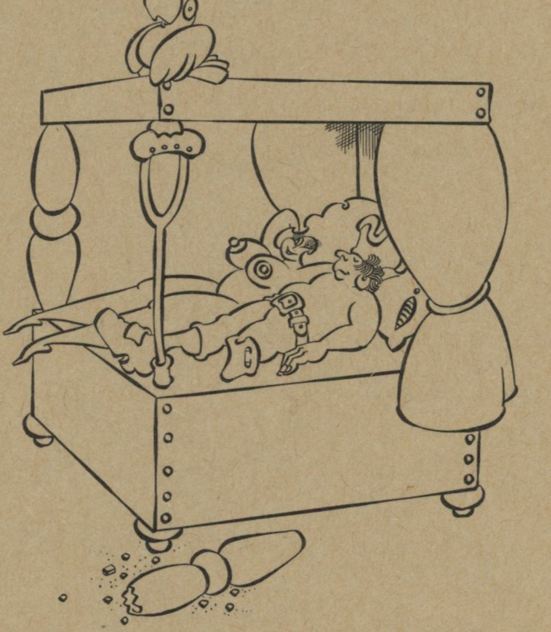
THE MARQUIS DE SADE



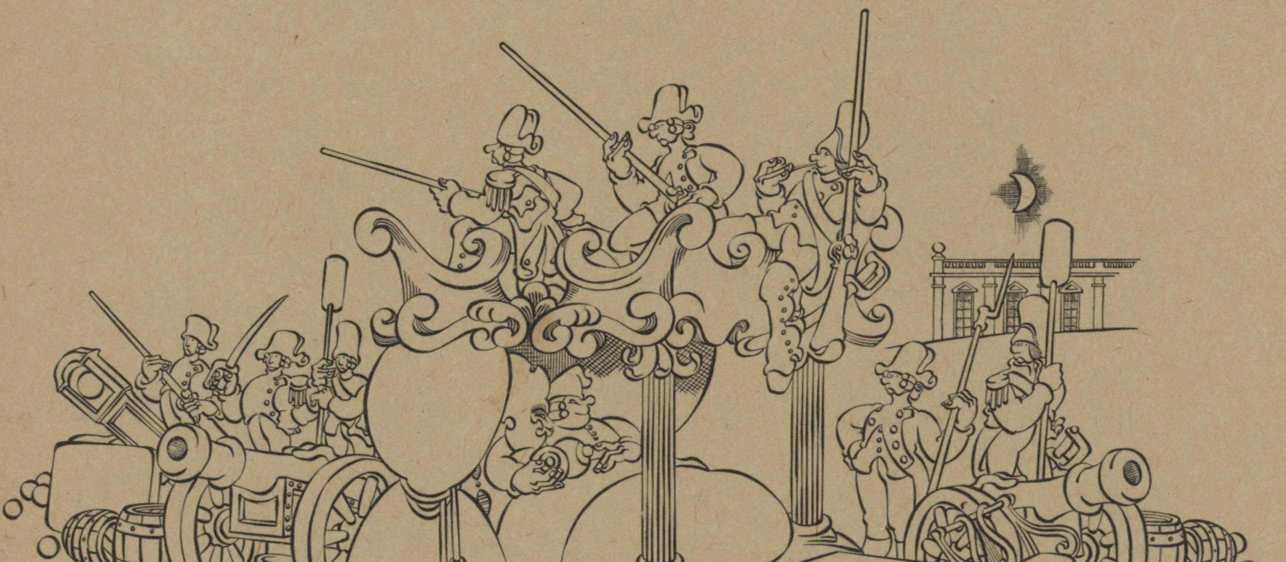
LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE



THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY



LONG JOHN SILVER



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

It's a scene of domestic less-than-bliss, enacted nightly all over the country. Home is the husband, feet up in the sitting room, complaining to his ever-loving that every night they spend the first half-hour together actually apart, in separate rooms. And she responds from the kitchen: 'If you'd sooner have a cold dinner, you've only got to say so . . . you like something hot when you get back, don't you?'

Red-blooded husband's reply to that tends to be silent: 'What I'd like to find is you stretched out naked on the hearth-rug with a bit of something semi-transparent over your whatsit, or if not you then someone else, preferably someone else, a stranger about twenty-seven so I didn't have to think about her, so I didn't have to worry about who she was or what I was doing to her, someone with a pair of thick lips and hot eyes and huge tits and no one else in the house. That's what my idea of a hot dinner is, if you really want to know.'

That's how Frederic Raphael introduces us to the married couple at the heart – or is it loins? – of his new novel, **Who Were You With Last Night?** (Cape, £1·50).

Charlie Hanson is a simple man, making a good screw at his job and wishing he could get a better one at home. His is a sad case: Lola, the girl he married because they 'had' to, turns out a sad disappointment to him. Two children have, of course, ruined her breasts – but that's the least of it. When Charlie thinks back to his and Lola's first fine fatal rapture, perhaps he's entitled to that certain chagrin:

'I thought, well this is it, so I pushed her back into the corner and began to kiss her again and right away there we were again, only this time she was staring at me so hard I almost had to stop and then I saw that her blouse was sort of out of the top of her skirt . . . and I started to unbutton her blouse and I was waiting for her to stop me only she didn't and there she was with her blouse all open and this thick brassiere on her like they wore in those days, only it was quite low at the top and I could see the freckles where her breasts began.

'So I kissed her throat and her breastbone and that and she was all hot, this white skin was all blotched with red and hot, burning. I had hell's own time with the catch on this bra, it would have held the Queen Mary . . . and then suddenly the catch was undone and the bra slipped down and sure enough, though it seemed almost incredible at the time, were her nipples, big, pink, with a few very pale hairs growing out of them . . .

'I had such a hard-on now I thought I'd split my pants . . . I knew a lot of blokes withdrew, that was the only precaution they took . . . So I had her there on the sofa and she came on so strong I couldn't stop myself, if I'd pulled it out I think she would've thumped me.'

Such glorious sensual experiences, frank and honest exchanges, prove few and far between in the reality of the marriage bed. After they married, Charlie felt that poor old Lo wasn't worth the marriage licence, and he's honest enough to know why: 'I wasn't getting away with anything any more. I didn't feel I was scoring before the kick-off.'

Charlie Hanson, about the time we meet him, is a morass of contradictory feelings. As Raphael amusingly presents him, on one hand he wants to *kill* his poor old wife. On the other, he starts to find her company quite interesting, worth a fond smile, and a sentimental dinner out followed by a snugly car drive and a lovely mood in bed.

The cause of this is a new secretary at his firm. Jeannie. Charlie picks her up in the office car park – for one snotty-looking moment he thought he wasn't going to make it – and after a couple of beers in a pub:

'We went in the car and I drove down this lane, and there was a dark copse at the top of it, like a deserted building, spooky with owls and rooks and I stopped the car and we started kissing each other like mad, and I was undoing her clothes, it was like Beat the Clock we were in such a hurry, I don't know if you remember that programme. She was young, twenty-four or five, and I'd forgotten what young flesh felt like, quite honestly, I'd forgotten how solid it was. She didn't say anything, we were both working away, it was bloody crowded in that car I can tell you that. I suppose it can be done in an 1100 with the doors shut, because I'm sure people do it, but we couldn't, so in the end I opened the door so there was somewhere for the legs to go and we did it like that across the front seat.'

Two decades of change in nude photography are reflected in this picture from Steve Berekmeri's 'Nudes in My Camera'. Through its 165 black and white plates, it illustrates less flexible stylistic attitudes of ten and twenty years ago and is a book for those who like their nudes mixed with art and innocence. W. H. Allen at £5·00

It seemed an ideal set-up for Charlie – for any man, come to that. As he says: 'Jeannie provided the spice and Lola provided the sweet side.'

So all's going well, isn't it? Until one night, Charlie and Jeannie, having discovered how to exploit their boss's luxuriously appointed office at night – when Charlie came in from hiding his car there was Jeannie in the boss's high-backed leather swivel chairs, stark naked and smoking a cigar – their little idyll is interrupted by a nut. A little man in a flat cap and a mackintosh and a bulge on his hip which turns out to be a gun. It's this gun that transfixed Charlie in a corner while the little fellow gives then both a rambling sermon against adultery, and tries to pluck up enough nerve actually to fondle Jeannie's breasts while her sweater is over her head as a blindfold. It's the gun, too, that keeps Charlie docile while the little man makes him lie down and Jeannie ties him up with curtain strings. Only Charlie was once a sailor and manages to hold his body in just the right way to prevent the ropes from stopping all movement.

That's how, as Jeannie taunts the strange little intruder – 'Lift your skirt up' he tells her – Charlie was able to work himself free enough so that, just as Jeannie was forced onto her back where she gives a yell, Charlie can get hold of a fire extinguisher and let the man have its contents in the face. That was just about it for Charlie and Jeannie, of course. After the little man went, they had (against her will, she said) one last hateful bout. Never mind, Charlie concludes, I've still got the gun.

FILMS

David Quinlan

Bree Daniel is a very high-class call girl. While moaning with desire with her latest client, she can always spare a glance at her watch, no matter how hectic the going. Bree is only one of the strange characters in a shocker of a film called **Klute** (X). It's just a pity that some of the shocks – and tricks – get in the way of the others. For this mystery thriller about the girl Bree (Jane Fonda), who is last in a dynasty of very dead people, has some good ideas.

Once it gets its nude love scenes, its four-letter words and its obligatory vignettes out of its system, and concentrates on the business in hand, it becomes a very stylish and frightening number indeed.

Klute (Donald Sutherland) is a part-time private eye hired by his vanished friend's employer to find the missing man. Soon he suspects his friend may be dead, and that all the people who knew him, and his connection with the case, are liable to end up the same way. Bree, when not purveying high-priced, high-class and very kinky sex to the young and old alike, finds herself getting menacing phone calls of tape recordings taken during a 'session' with one of her clients – who must be the murderer.

She also finds herself falling for the detective – a sensation so new to her that it sends her flying off to a psychiatrist.

Fonda and Sutherland are both very good, and it's only a shame that director Alan J. Pakula decided to spin the story out so elaborately.

It's what you hear rather than what you see that is going to shake you in Mike Nichols' **Carnal Knowledge** (X). If there are any four-letter words you haven't heard before on screen, prepare to hear them now – in this story of two men (Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel) and their search for happiness with a girl.

Garfunkel marries the college date (Candice Bergen) that his friend laid first, but Nicholson's quest for 'big tits' goes on until he meets Ann-Margret, whom he tells an incredulous Garfunkel, 'is size 38, and *D* cups.' A big girl she is, too, and a great ballbuster to boot. 'God, I nearly *came* that time,' gasps an exhausted Nicholson jokingly after their first encounter.

Of course, it doesn't work out, any more than for any of the characters in the film. Both men end as sad, shifty wrecks, still trying to keep up the pretence of their youth. Happiness, says screenwriter Jules Feiffer, is unobtainable. Hmm. Happiness, of course, might be a Woody Allen film, depending on your point of view. Personally, I find him, although hit and miss, the funniest man around in an admittedly barren cinematic field. There are so many funny things about **Bananas** (AA), for example, that one is hard put to know where to start. A graduate studying 'advanced child molesting'. A man drinking from a goldfish bowl. Two seductions, one to the 1812 overture, the other to a running commentary à la boxing. If it's your bag, it'll turn you on.

Mr Allen this time is a researcher with a history of repression ('I once stole a pornographic book in Braille: I used to rub the dirty bits') who becomes, through no fault of his own, the leader of a revolution in a South American country. Like all Allen's work, it rates about 60% success, 40% failure. But it makes for a pleasant rib-tickling evening.

TOILETRIES

Conrad Pierce

My first ever bottle of after-shave was a present from an aunt while I was still at school. It was Onyx by Lentheric and I remember it fondly. The first evening I wore it, scrubbed, shaved and tingling, at a friend's party I lost my virginity to a girl more experienced than myself.

At odd times, now, I pick up a bottle and take a sniff and I can picture the girl again and practically re-live what happened.

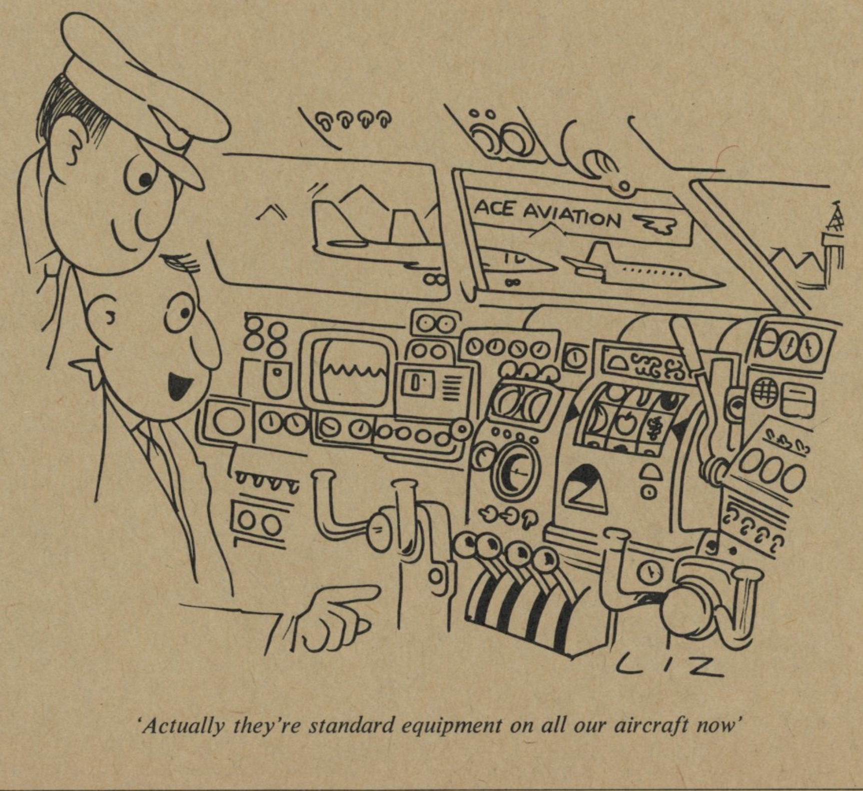
All of which leads me to report that smell is as highly evocative as any of the other senses, perhaps more so.

Onyx now have their own anti-perspirant spray with the same sharp clean citrus fragrance of the after-shave at 98p for a man size container. Lentheric also produce Centaur an extra-dry version of the Onyx range – but I hope to cover that entire range at a later date.

While still on the evocative memories of certain fragrances, Oriental Spice, has a memory of my last holiday in Spain, in particular, a young lady who happened one sweet scented evening close to an orange grove. It's made by Shulton.

The best thing about Oriental Spice though, is the range. Just four items – I have often maintained that toiletries' manufacturers clutter their ranges up with far too many unnecessary products.

The 70 cc after-shave and shower is £1·15; the 7 oz shower soap (which, if left hanging from its built in rope, leaves a pleasant sexy aroma about the room) is 70p; the anti-perspirant is 80p; and the talc is 90p. *Voila*, a fully stocked bathroom shelf with everything you're going to need for around £3·55. On top of all this, you can send away to Shulton for their Dragon Strap – a wide leather strap with a chunky buckle, and a dragon embossed thereon in heavy metal – usually seen adorning the male arm, fondling the girl's buttocks in Oriental Spice's adverts. The cost is 95p and a packet top from any one of the range, and what it won't do for virility it might for your appearance.



'Actually they're standard equipment on all our aircraft now'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

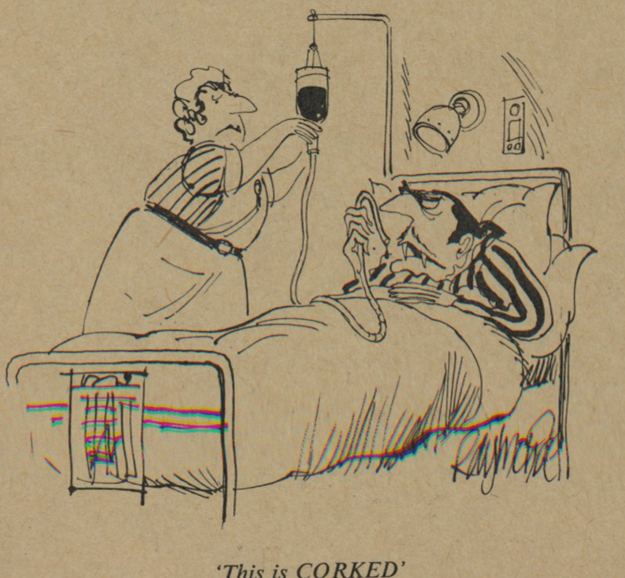
Her greatness depends on the criteria by which you judge it. For my money **Buffy Sainte-Marie** deserves that accolade possibly more than any other female singer in pop at the present time. I don't intend to persuade you that you're going to swing along happily and half consciously with **She Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina** (Vanguard VSD 79311) and leave it at that. There's much more to it. Open your mind to her and she'll fly you where you've never been. Refuse and she'll floor you.

If you think greatness lies in the hard melancholia of Dietrich; the coarse heat of Janis Joplin or the wilful passion of Bassey; then there is greatness in this girl – for she has all these things mixed with a fourth – great unsophisticated love.

Soldier Blue (the film title track and self-penned) sparks my nerve endings with feeling that is greater than the sum of the words and music; The Surfer reveals in its central spoken coda the barely supressed laughing excitement of a woman who is in love for the first time; Now You've Been Gone a Long Time is Miss Sainte-Marie shaking, crying and unsure of anything anymore. But if you go into a record shop to listen, ask them to play Sweet September Morning and the title track, both of which she wrote and both of which are contrasts of her greatness.

If you're weary of sophisticated pop try some Guts or perhaps a Nude Disintegrating Parachutist Woman or two. These are two tracks from **Budgie** (MCA MKPS 2018), the heaviest rock album I've encountered for a long time. Despite the name there's very little twittering from this new Decca three man group following hard on the heels of Thin Lizzy and Whistler – nothing sophisticated, subtle or brilliant; just a veritable powerhouse of hard churning bass orientated beat. Can you visualise a team of bulldozers in bottom gear trying to shift a large amount of unrefined treacle? You can't? Then listen to this but make sure your foundations are secure before you turn up the volume.

Don't be put off by the fact that the names of Regal Zonophone's two new heavy groups, **Tear Gas** (SLRZ 1021) and **Northwind** (SLRZ 1020) sound like that embarrassing moment after an over indulgence in baked beans; Tear Gas in particular owes something to Hendrix and is worth listening to although some of it might have happened underwater and the rest could have happened in any tunnel on the Piccadilly Line. Some is wild and some is tightly controlled – as though there's always another sound coming out the top no matter what you pile on. Standout track is Jailhouse Rock/All Shook Up – a live session without an audience but with spontaneity which generates excitement as well as fuzzy edges and brings the music out very much alive.



'This is CORKED'

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

Would you go to a Pop Festival? This question must have crossed the minds of many Mayfair readers recently although doubtless the unfavourable publicity of motorcycle gang fights and the like may have postponed your decision. Nevertheless you must still wonder if these festivals are for you.

At the Festival I recently attended, the police carried pistols, but since the scene was set in the shadow of the mountain range outside Palermo in Sicily I think the guns were there for a more significant purpose than keeping order – although the noise might well have driven any enterprising Mafia man even further into the hills.

The music was good, well amplified, and clearly heard by 30,000 fans, and 100,000 sheep. Leading British groups, Manfred Mann, Black Sabbath, Black Nativity, and great artists like Stephane Grappelli with his jazz violin were adored by a friendly, mainly Italian crowd.

But I reckon you have to be highly hooked on the music to suffer the attendant discomforts of any Pop Festival; dust, rubbish, the scarcity and high price of food, the loos, the travel congestion, and the sheer physical discomfort of sitting on the good earth.

There is also an atmosphere of portent. You have the feeling that anything could happen at any moment. Spontaneous displays of emotion surround you. Barriers topple, crowds surge forward to the stage, crazed exhibitionists attempt to take the microphones, and although the security men generally keep matters well under control, it is easy to feel vaguely uncomfortable and unrelaxed.

The only destructive event I noticed confronted me when I returned to the hire-car which I had parked in the official car park, to find that judging by the hefty dent and marks some individual had tried to beat the roof in with a steel ball on a large chain. Luckily I had elected to pay Avis a total of 3,720 Liras (just over £2) to cover all collisions and non-collision damages, although I had envisaged the possibility of a tearaway Mafia car-driver rather than a mis-aligned pop seeker as my protagonist.

Things have not been going so well back home in England, either. I was taken out by my good stock-broker friend to his favourite restaurant, **Leith's,** 92 Kensington Park Road, W.11. The evening started badly when he asked the girl behind the small but pleasantly modern bar for a bottle of Moet-et-Chandon champagne. She was not able to find it, but my host knew her job better than she did and located the bottle for her. We then all sat back, with amazement on our faces, as four champagne glasses were washed in front of us in hot water and placed, still steaming, on the bar.

I wished the evening had stopped there, but worse was to come. On taking our table, the beautiful water goblets were filled with warm water, and when we ordered a couple of bottles of fine Puligny-Montrachet we were surprised to find Chassagne-Montrachet served in the wine bucket, and more surprised to find only one small cube of ice floating in the wine bucket. When we asked the wine waiter why he had served the Chassagne-Montrachet instead of the wine ordered, he told us that the Puligny-Montrachet was not chilled enough, and thought we would prefer the Chassagne! My taramasalata had been on the hors-d'oeuvre trolley for too long and was slightly rancid, though the kipper pate which one of our party had ordered was excellent.

The last straw came when the main courses were delivered. Suffice to say that the veal house-speciality was far too thickly-sliced and had a clearly defined uncooked layer in the middle of each slice.

It is always embarrassing, and sad, when a good friend takes you to one of his formerly favoured restaurants and it becomes a bad experience. All we could do was agree – The Leith's place displeased Us!

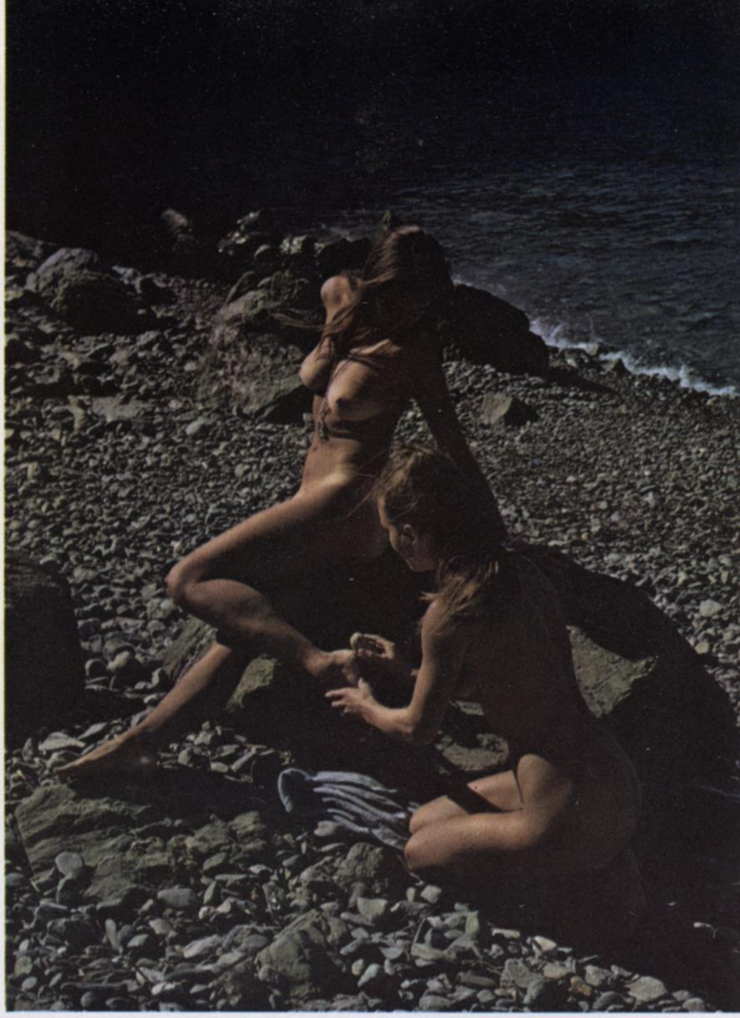
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK MORIN

Julia &

There are many girls around the Mediterranean shorelines like Julia and Kirsten. Waiting for you on the day your dreams finally break surface and you decide to explore wider horizons in a small white

Kirsten

sailboat; with perhaps a motor too, for when the wind isn't whispering in the canvas and the sea is a flat pool of crisp blue light. You meet them when you moor your craft and join a small cafe table to drink the

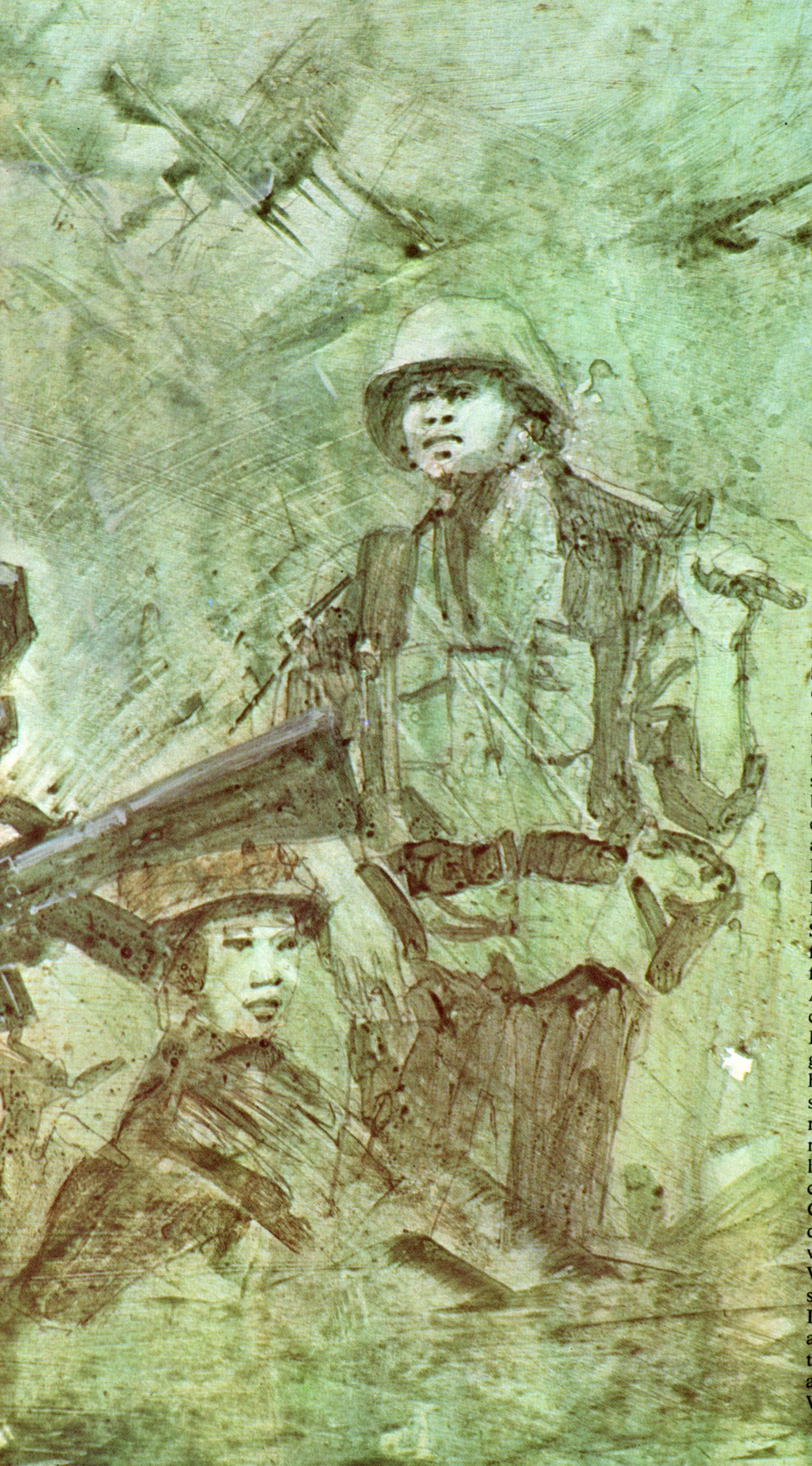


wines in some tiny village; feeling sunbrown, salty and muscle fit. They approach your table. They're swinging free and easy around the Med for the duration of the Northern winter and they've come to you because you're English and there's something about Englishmen they like. They are just as happy to share their bodies with you as themselves – though despite their passion they are enraptured too, of each other. Perhaps too much. So from your cabin for three you watch the winter pass and the girls splash like dolphins, bare shining bodies – a dream of freedom you touch just once in your life.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GRIMSDALE

A WALK IN THE RAIN

On one side is fear and on the other curiosity to know what you'll be like under fire. Perhaps you find out on tomorrow's patrol / Fiction by Tom Mayer



Raining again. Seems as though it's rained every day since I got here. Forty-one days now. Trenches filled with water, knee deep gumbo everywhere. A major operation to get to the latrine. The bunker concrete sweats, drops of cold water ooze out, collect into puddles on the floors. Everything mildewing. Pair of socks disintegrated this morning as I unrolled them.

My face in the shard of mirror we use to shave with. White as lye. Acne pocks under cheek bones, a few white heads on my chin. Thought I would be as dark as black molasses by now – mother gave me a tube of Sea and Ski when I was home on leave – but the same old baby face. My hair looks like stubble. Hardly the face of a hero.

No chance to be a hero yet (or a coward). No chance to be anything but wet and bored. Which is fine by me. But not really; I do want to see what it's like, what I'll be like. Would like to get it over with, know about myself one way or the other.

Macklin says maybe tomorrow or the day after we'll send out a long patrol. . . .

More rain. Sand bags at perimeter positions falling apart. Foundations of the tower which holds the fifty cal. machine gun sinking on one side. Tower tilting. Sgt Edwards spends five minutes cussing the Seabees who built this place.

Clouds lift for about an hour at noon and we get a beef drop. C-123 flies over and they push out live cattle in parachutes. The troops love the show, run out falling and slipping in the mud to round them up. One breaks a leg landing. They drive it back to camp on three legs bellowing and moaning and shoot it. Fresh steak tonight.

Later a chopper comes in with essentials like whisky. One thing about the Special Forces; we keep as comfortable as possible. Some troops – the Cav and the Marines, for instance – evidently make a fetish of filth, of roughing it.

A new sergeant, called Remly, comes on the chopper. He knows Edwards and Sgt Von Kirsten, wants to get in some action. He's going home in two weeks and he's spent his whole tour so far at Nha Trang in supply. Edwards calls him the RAMF – rear area mother-fucker – but good naturedly. Nha Trang doesn't know he's here. It always amazes me what sharp non-coms can get away with.

Chopper leaves and clouds drop back down, fill the valley like dirty cotton wadding. . . .

Well, it's going to happen. Macklin says we send out a long range patrol tomorrow and I lead it. I've been on numerous sweeps around camp, quasi-training missions run to keep from dying of boredom as much as anything else. But this'll be the real thing. We've intelligence reports of two regiments in the mountains. I ask Macklin if he thinks the reports are reliable and he laughs, slapping me on the shoulder. 'There ain't no such thing as reliable intelligence in this fucking country.'

I'm beginning to be nervous. Don't know the troops well enough (or myself?) or the country. Spend an hour studying the maps, trying to etch every feature of terrain, every valley, mountain, and stream into my mind. Thank God I've always been OK at map-reading.

I go outside after dark. The outposts are firing mortar illumination rounds. They burst in the clouds. Eerie hazy glow, like party lights, like candles shrouded in globes of coloured paper. . . .

Tried to sleep late this morning; no success. We push off this afternoon, hold up across the river in the village until 0200, then move into the mountains. We're taking rations for ten days, tremendous weight. Re-supply is too uncertain in this kind of weather to do anything else, though. We've not seen the mountains for more than an hour or two for weeks now.

We're to patrol a series of ridge lines to the northwest. Macklin cautions me to stay on the high ground where possible. We'll try to observe the valleys. Edwards will go with me, fifty of the strikers, commanded by Lt Duong, and a guide. The guide is new, a Chui Hoi, or reformed VC. I'm ashamed, but I don't know the troops by name yet. They all look so much alike.

Remly wants to come but Macklin says no. I know what he's thinking: one inexperienced man on a show like this is enough. I'll have to rely heavily on Edwards – God knows how many of these things he's been on – this is his third tour – but I must work at our relationship. Can't allow myself to appear weak, incompetent. Must solicit and consider his advice, but not rely on him completely.

Nervous half-hour packing. I don't want to take too much – some of those mountains are almost vertical – but there are so many things I may need. Final list: rifle, 400 rounds, bayonet knife, smoke and frag grenades, rucksack, plastic bag containing dry socks and morphine, two ponchos and poncho liner, field dressings (we're taking a Vietnamese medic but I don't trust him for anything serious), bandaids, talcum powder, rations, extra cigarettes. I reckon it must all come to around sixty or seventy pounds.

Finish packing in time for lunch. Not hungry. Lie on cot, examining the water stains on the concrete beams of the ceiling. Tightness in my chest and stomach. Mind hopping around. Our call-sign's 'Codfish.' Wish they'd given us something more warlike; ignominious to be zapped as 'Codfish six.'

'Grey Ghost' is corps commander's call-sign – Col Flaherty. He talked to me before I came out. Said I was going to a 'good camp'; Macklin was 'one of the best'; he knew I would 'do well.' Usual crap. Has grey gunfighter's eyes. Maybe the coldest eyes I ever saw. Edwards and he were in the Rakkasans, one of the battalions of the 101st Airborne, in Korea together.

At 1800 we form the men up, inspect them. They're each carrying dozens of grenades. Von Kirsten tells Edwards, 'Keep away from the little mother-fuckers if you get in the shit. If one of them gets hit he'll go up like a fucking ammo dump.'

Remly comes with us to the river's edge. Edwards tells him to get his RAMF ass back to camp. I think he's hoping Macklin will change his mind at the last minute. He laughs at Edwards, wishes us good luck.

Drizzle again. Damn little chance for supporting air strikes. Camp; behind us on the bluff, is very comfortable looking . . . tin shelters over the guard positions and the tangled rows of rusting corrugated iron, the leaning tower, the 105mm howitzer with the trailer arms buried in mud, the duckboards. Home sweet home!

The riverbank's red clay is churned to a slippery paste. The stream is Colorado-fast, the water smooth and dark green, except where it breaks white around boulders. Bridge here once, but blown up way back by VC sappers, maybe even the Vietminh. Water swirls round one solitary piling midstream.

We cross in sampans. Put equipment in the bottom so there'll be a chance if they capsize. Manned by women, one or two to a boat. They pole us upstream in the calm shore water, then let the current catch the bows.

Into the village on a cobbled road. Houses crowded close on both sides. Naked children playing in the cold mud. Popular Force troops wearing pieces of uniforms, an airborne cap or leopard suit pants. Women in dirty pyjamas, conical hats. Pigs, chickens, pariah dogs. Older children followed me, Edwards, shouting, 'OK Salem, OK Salem.' Mentholated cigarettes choice items here. Salems number one favourite.

Chief's compound in the centre of the village. We straighten up in a school room. He insists we have tea with him. Wears mottled brown camouflage of ARVN airborne, jumpwings, rank of major. Liquid worried eyes and long fingered hands,

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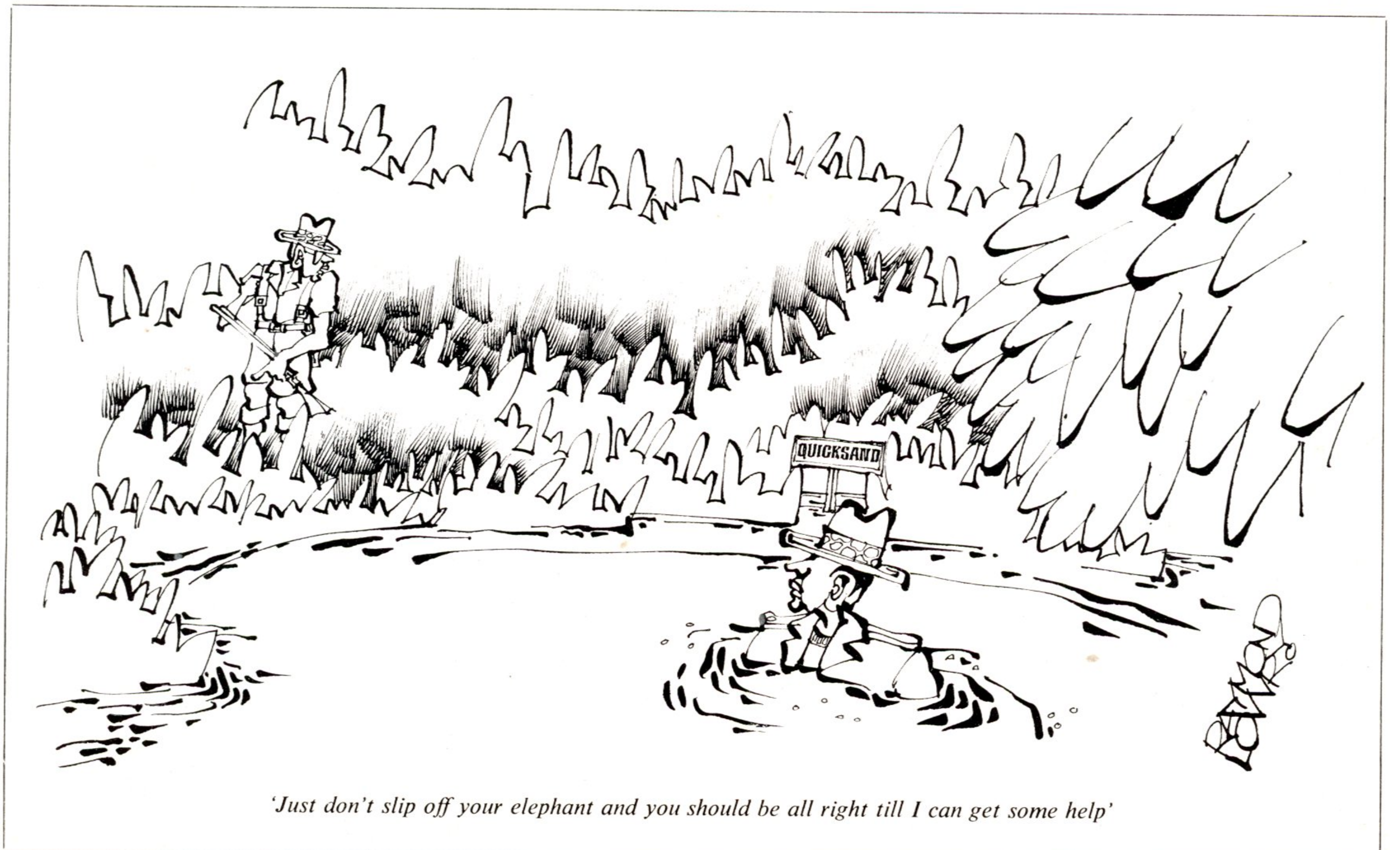
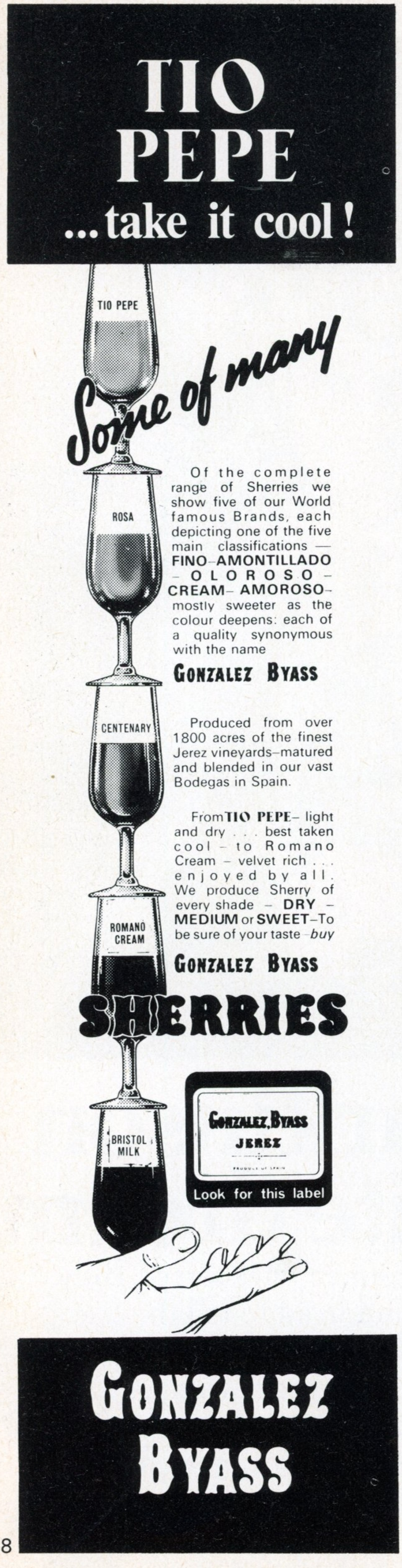


'Just don't slip off your elephant and you should be all right till I can get some help'



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A WALK IN THE RAIN

continued from page 27

narrow and graceful. Average life-span for a chief up here about eight months Macklin told me. Usually they get assassinated, though some get it on operations.

Try to get some rest, but very nervous. Stupid. Probably be just a walk in the rain. Also, place crawling with hungry fleas. . . .

Form the troops at 0130 in the chief's courtyard. Much tension. Red nubs of cigarettes describing arcs. Match flare on dark faces. Low voices. Clicks of weapons being cocked. Radio check with camp. One of the PRC 25s weak. Probably my imagination. However, I check that the radio man has plenty of extra batteries.

PFs open the barb wire gates at the village perimeter. Move out along the cobbled road through paddies. Gurgle of ditch-water. Dog bark breaks the night like an explosion.

Up and up. Throat burning, lungs ache. My radio man quits; sits down beside the trail, refuses to move. Only been going two hours. Edwards, who's up on point, comes back, shouts, 'Get up. On your goddam feet.'

I cringe at the noise, debate reprimanding Edwards for not observing noise security. We're definitely in Charlie's country and no one can say what waits at the next turn. But the radio man is a more pressing problem.

'Is he hurt?' I ask Binh, the interpreter. 'Check his ankles.'

'He's done this before, sir,' Edwards says. 'Get up.'

'Binh, tell him to get up,' I say.

'He say he can't.'

'Tell him we'll give the fucking radio to someone else,' Edwards says. 'But he's got to get up.'

'He say radio very heavy. Numbah ten.'

We give the radio to someone else, arrange for the two of them to take turns.

At first light we're nowhere near our first objective. Still raining. Very cold, though we sweat as long as we're moving.

We climb to a hilltop, set up. Supreme effort to oversee the setting of the perimeter, placement of automatic weapons, fields of fire, etc. That done, I curl up inside my poncho, make it into a tent over me to hold my body heat. Fight to stay awake. Rain patters on the rubber.

Later Macklin instructs us to move on. He's on the radio himself and I find his voice very reassuring. It's light but visibility not more than fifty yards. Impossible to place ourselves exactly.

Spend rest of morning putting one foot in front of other, thinking no farther ahead than the next leg drive, next foothold, next clump of vines or clump of grass.

Early afternoon. An old French road, completely useless for wheeled or tracked vehicles. Every hundred metres or so it's been blown up. We watch carefully for pungi pits and trip wires.

Make bivouac early. Dark by 1630. Troops construct shelters of ponchos and sticks and vines. Old campaigners' masterpieces. Mine holds up, but theirs look hurricane resistant. Edwards and I sleep apart. Never do for one mortar round to get us both. Mortar section has built Edwards' shelter for him; no one helped with mine. Discrimination.

Miserable night. Can't get warm. Poncho liner soaked, clothes the same. I shiver convulsively, arms and legs twitch. We spent some lousy nights in Ranger school but not this bad. Try thinking of brandy. Hot soup. Then women. Start with one that developed young, in the sixth grade, and work through every one I've ever slept with, or necked with, or even had a letch for, work diligently to conjure up remembrances of thighs, hair, breasts, taste of sweat, crotch heat, sweet moment of entry. Negative success. Go on to movie stars, but give that up when I discover Jayne Mansfield's breasts are plastic bags filled with dry ice.

Then just lie here, waiting for it to be light, noting guard changes, trying not to look at my watch more than five or six times a minute. Keep telling myself that if the troopies and Edwards can take it, I can too. . . .

Today same as yesterday. Colder, if that's possible. I'd like to have along some of those reporters who always picture this country as a steaming jungle.

A lot of pungi pits. A rusty old French mine. It's in the middle of the road, dirt washed away from it, almost rusted through. We consider bringing it in but it's too heavy, an anti-vehicle mine, so we throw it over the edge of the road. This country is full of mine fields. The French didn't keep very good track of theirs and of course Charles isn't going to hint where his are. . . .

Rain and cold again. My feet blistering badly. I try to change my socks at least once a day but it doesn't do any good. Hands and feet very white, wrinkled, as if I've been washing dishes or swimming too long.

Moving generally west, closer to Laos. Border four or five kilometres. Not that this particular border means anything. Edwards, who spent six months in Laos in '64, says the only time the Laotians fight, our Laotians anyhow, is when they think their opium trade is in danger. We have a great bunch of allies in this war.

Which brings up the point of why we bother to fight it. People out here never talk about that, though many must think about it. The professionals will tell you it's only a job, like any other, and I suppose the draftees just want to live through it. Certainly nobody believes we are doing this to help another democracy. From what I've seen and heard, if this country and its government are typical of Asian democracies, you can't blame the people for wanting something else.

And me? Why me? Excellent question. I went in because I didn't feel strongly enough to stay out. And once I was in I figured I might as well do it right. I suppose, basically, I'm just carried along by the system. So are most people, I guess. . . .

Rain so cold today it seems like it'll turn

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A WALK IN THE RAIN

continued from page 58

to sleet. Fingers stiff, hard to write. Lots of pungi pits. Hillsides, where they're open, spiked with anti-helicopter poles. One trail used recently.

Binh says 'all troops want to go in.' Good. So do I. But what I can do about it, I don't know. Edwards is a hard one. Radios to camp this evening and Von Kirsten asks what it's like out here. 'Good clean fun,' Edwards says.

Later tells me he thinks we'll hit something soon. He's sure they're around. Which makes sense. It's a cinch that the good fairy didn't dig those pits or set the anti-chopper poles.

Fatigue, rain, cold, getting to us. Packs lighter as we eat through rations, but you don't notice it. Have to keep after the troops constantly to maintain spacing, rear security. Duong not much help. They don't pay much attention to him, or perhaps he doesn't relay my orders accurately.

Edwards catches two soldiers trying to get rid of some of their grenades. As mentioned, they're all carrying enough grenades for several pitched battles. Don't have much faith in their marksmanship. The ones I've seen practising on the range are no threat to Olympic records. Edwards has Binh tell them that we know how many grenades were issued (a lie) and if any are missing when we get back they'll all have their pay docked. . . .

A contact this morning. Just a sniper, but at least I can say I've been under fire.

Guide giving trouble. We must be near something, because he's obviously on edge. Every time we leave high ground he goes to the rear of the column and is very vague about where we are. Up to now he's been excellent at showing our positions, which has been handy, as map reading is so hard with every prominent land mark obscured by fog and clouds. . . .

We cross into Laos. Still too foggy for much observation.

A note about the country. It has a certain lonely beauty. I'm wet and cold and generally uncomfortable, but even in this condition I have to admit the country is impressive. We've seen at least five waterfalls that must be among the most lovely in the world. Rich Frenchmen used to come up here before the war on tiger safaris. Whenever the fog lifts, as it does once or twice a day, you have a sense of size, of great distances, of emptiness. The French called campaigning up here 'the war of the vast empty spaces.' Since the village we've seen no signs of humans except for the road, the mine, the pungis, the shots. . . .

Another contact this morning. Almost blew my cool. I've been in the Army fourteen months now, in training for this moment most of the time. I got through jump school and Ranger school and unconventional warfare school, all of it aimed to train me to react properly in a situation like this morning. And I almost break and run.

They open up on us from the opposite hillside, an automatic weapon – I think it was a BAR – and some rifle fire. I get down behind some rocks and the second volley comes in, ricochets whining all around, and nasty little flat cracks as a few go by close overhead.

I yell to my 'trusty troops' to fan out and move forward (fix the enemy, get some idea of his strength) and stand up myself. They're all running back up the hill. I get back down and watch them. Some more fire comes in, very near me. I can't tell you how alone I feel. The troops are back in the edge of the jungle, under cover, and I'm sure I'm going to be hit. It is the hardest thing ever not to follow them, not to sprint after them.

Then Edwards gets the mortar going and drops five rounds on the other slope. The firing stops. He comes down the hill with another squad. We cross and find where they've been firing from, behind some rocks and a bamboo stand. They'd been cutting pungis. The ground's littered with them, sharp whittled stakes maybe a foot long. It was probably a squad or less.

'We surprised us a fucking pungi factory,' Edwards says on the radio.

At first, when I recover from shaking, I feel kind of good. I didn't run. I keep waiting for Edwards to say something congratulatory, but he doesn't. Then I begin thinking about it and feel less good. My troops broke and ran, which is always the officer's fault, and only God and I know how close I came to running with them.

My radio man, who was one of those who bugged out, builds my shelter again. If he's aware that he did anything wrong, and of course he is, he doesn't show it. Duong hasn't mentioned what happened.

Macklin orders us to start back in tomorrow. . . .

Move incredibly fast and hard today. Everyone knows we're going in. No one complains. Everyone is eager to go at the end of each rest break. Even security is better. Both Duong and the guide know exactly where we are, keep suggesting shortcuts. I must admit I'm tempted to take them, cut several miles off walking, but the route Macklin worked out has fewer potential ambush sites. Coming home is when they ambush you.

These people remind me of an old horse we had. It had a helluva hard mouth and plenty of will power. You could switch it and spur it and shout and it went pretty much where it wanted at its own pace. But when it knew it was headed for the barn there was no stopping it.

My blisters worse. Socks blood-stained.

Still brooding about yesterday, over what I might have done differently, better. It's a question of intangibles, I think. If I had had more presence, more experience, if the men had known me better and had confidence in me, maybe they wouldn't have split. On the other hand, maybe they would have. What would have happened to me if Edwards hadn't been in control up above, got the mortar going? Or if the guys across the valley had been a company looking for a fight rather than a work detail? It would have been damn bad for my health.

Talk to Edwards; he says we ought to put whole squad in the cage. Don't confess how close I came to running myself. Could make a joke of it, but he would see through it.

Macklin told us he's sent another patrol south-west of camp. I imagine Remly's on that one. I'd like to compare notes if and when we both get back.

Another blistering march. Near end of string, physically. Still raining, still cold. Camp tomorrow. . . .

This AM foggiest yet. Feel as though every time I move an arm or leg I'm slicing through some medium the viscosity of water. Morning cook-fires like rubies floating in the mist.

All the troops want to do is get back to camp. Can't hold them back. Terrific rate

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'We make obscene calls'

of march. Come out of mountains, hit valley about six clicks above camp. Paddies, some under cultivation. First signs of civilization. Old men and women and boys working. Water buffalos, shaggy-haired and thick-horned and caked with mud to their bellies. Boys ride them, prod them with sticks. Houses and huts, deserted. People pull back into the village at night. Troops practically run. No hope of maintaining spacing, security. Everyone slings his weapon. March along cobbled road beside old railroad bed. Ties overgrown with weeds. Every hundred metres or so a rail ripped up, heated, curled into weird and fanciful shapes. Modern sculpture.

Feet hurt like hell. Blisters squishing each step. Troops laughing and happy. I have an ailment even worse than sore feet – tip of my penis raw from chafing against wet coarse cloth and zipper of tiger suit. Nobody here wears underclothes. They rot, give you jungle rot. Chafing causes me to sidle along crabwise.

Through the village. Kids run along asking for Salems. Edwards tells Binh to tell troops not to steal chickens.

On the riverbank we spread out, lie down, wait for sampans. Edwards offers me his canteen. Contents taste like warm cherry soda. Very cloying. I drink dutifully while he watches.

'Fizzies,' he says. 'I always carry fucking fizzies for special occasions.'

Camp seems like the epitome of comfort, civilization. I shower, change clothes, shave. Medic works on my blisters, offers to put iodine on my dick. This affliction evidently fairly common. Medic tells me of one man who died when a leech crawled up his penis.

We debrief. Give Macklin all the details we left out of radio transmissions. When we tell him about the troops running, he nods. No comment. I don't know what he really thinks.

Mess tent. Cold beer. Definite feeling of cameraderie. All the sgts gather round; Edwards and I (mainly me) on talking sprees. Retell every minute of the operation with suitable embellishments.

Huge lunch. Canned peaches by the pound. Water no problem out here, but I was very dehydrated. Definitely tight from beer. Then Macklin comes into the tent, tells us the other patrol is in trouble, has been ambushed. My first thought is uncharitable: why the hell does this have to happen now, just when I'm relaxing?

Hurry down to commo bunker. Picture comes in in choppy little snatches, like pieces of a puzzle. Remly hit in thigh, may have gotten it in femoral artery, bleeding badly. Sporadic sniper fire.

We request a Medevac, get out plot board, begin to work the 105. The patrol is only five clicks out from camp, within easy range. I stand in bunker door, call corrections, and the gun fires right over my head, a skull-splitting crack, the muzzle blast a slap in my face.

We fire fifteen rounds and the bad guys break contact. Ten minutes later the Medevac chopper flies directly over camp, an H-34 with red crosses behind the doors. Usually they send gunbirds along as escorts, but this one all alone. They load Remly on and we hear the bird chopping through the clouds.

Back to mess tent, pick up where we left off. Another can of peaches. I think of Remly, imagine the Medevac, Remly's face chalky and the eyes big-pupilled and far away from the morphine and the blood seeping through the dressing. The long jolting ride to Danang, the wind icy, landing on a pad outside the operating room and the stretcher bearers lifting him out gently and hurrying him into the white room with the white masked doctors and attendants and the glare of fluorescent lights, peeling back the field dressing from hamburgered flesh. Only person who mentions him aloud is Edwards, who mutters, half to himself, 'Wanted action. Shit.'

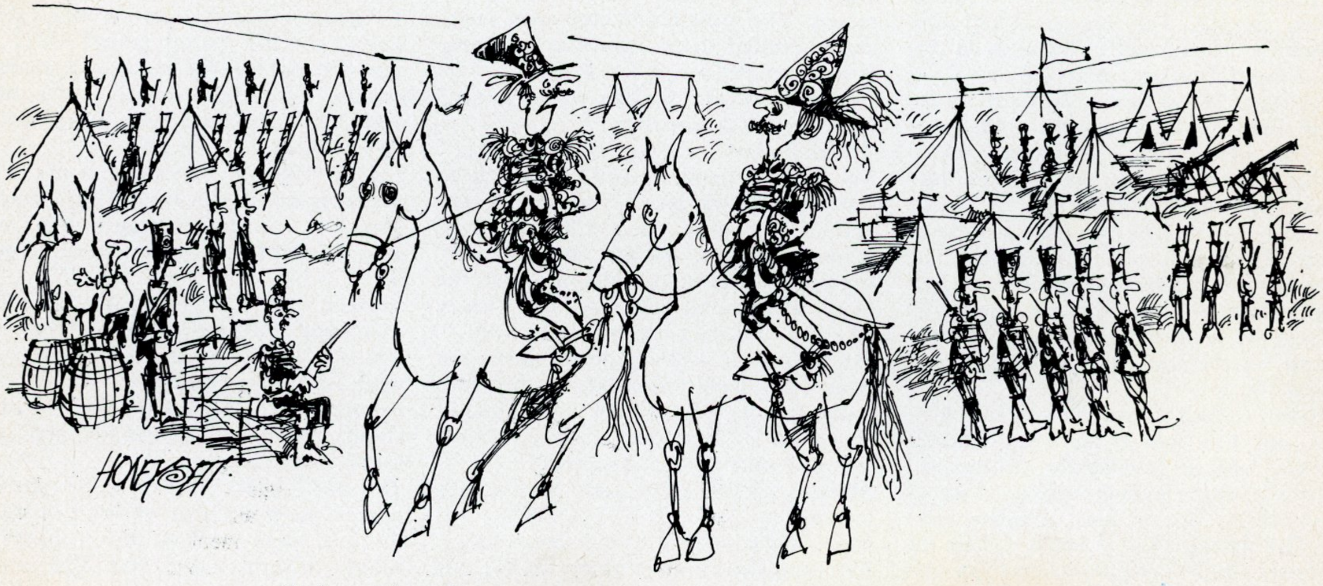
Many beers later, after we've discussed our patrol out of reality, make it into a wild comedy with only the barest relation to actual events, after we're thick-tongued and we're slurring words, and the empty cans are stacked high in front of us and I've forgotten my feet except when I stand to get another beer or take a piss, Macklin comes in smiling, sits down with us, says Remly will be OK. Bullet missed both the artery and the bones. We all laugh drunkenly, but with relief. Edwards says in his inimitable fashion, 'The dumb fuck. An easy purple heart'. . . .

Situation normal again. Rained about an inch last night.

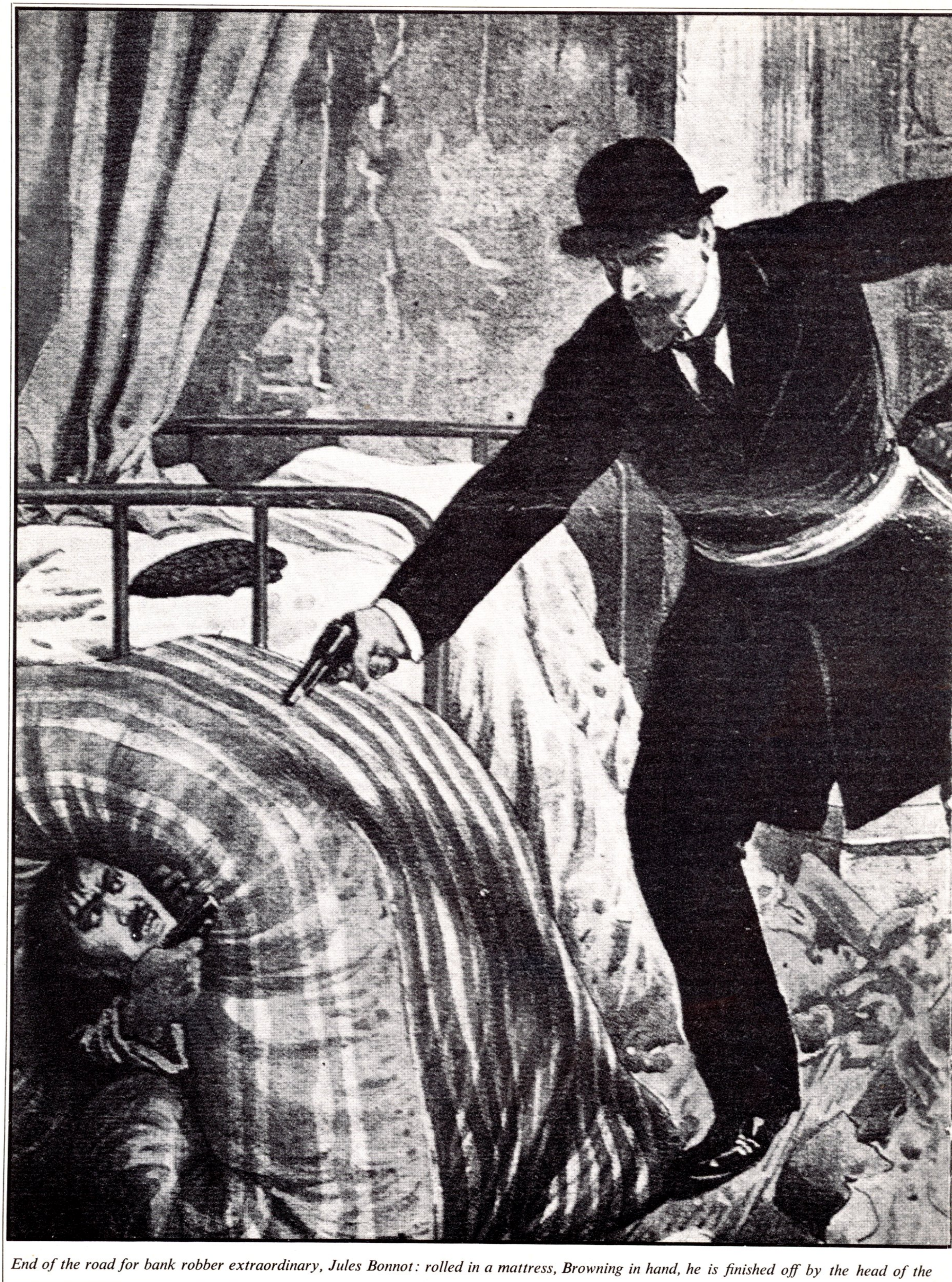
The squad that bugged out has been put in cages – four-by-six barb wire boxes. Major Minh, the Vietnamese camp commander, has actually gone on about shooting one as an example. Macklin heard him out quietly, said the cage would be fine. So now all eight of them are out in the wet and everyone who goes by says something to them, or at least throws them a dirty look. I keep away from that part of camp. What would have happened to me if I'd bugged out? Nothing, or something a lot worse than a day in a barb wire dog house.

And the patrol. What did we accomplish? Killed no enemy, no friendly casualties either. Stand-off. We covered a lot of ground but didn't really see anything. There could be five Chinese corps in those valleys.

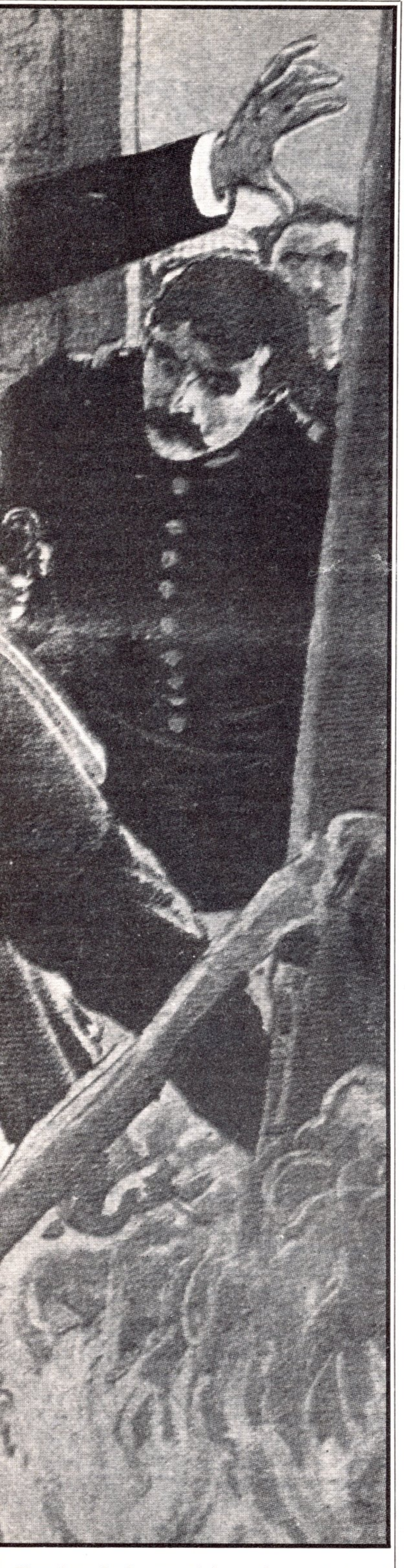
As for me, I still don't know if I can hack it or not in a real show. Maybe no one knows, and the best you can do is take each situation as it comes. If I stay around here long enough I'll certainly have enough chances. We go on a routine sweep tomorrow and Macklin says that two or three days after he wants me to go into the mountains again. There's a valley about six kilometres inside Laos we're to check out. It'll be a show much like this last one – if I allow myself to think about it I'll start to get nervous, which is foolish. It'll probably be just another walk in the rain.



'Bad news from the enemy camp, Sir. They've got nicer uniforms than ours.'



End of the road for bank robber extraordinary, Jules Bonnot: rolled in a mattress, Browning in hand, he is finished off by the head of the



Sûreté, embodiment of the authority he hated

How Bonnot beat Clyde but was finally wrapped up by the police

Years before Bonnie and Clyde, a French mechanic invented the motorised bank robbery / By Ian Penn

Like a Rolls-Royce in Coronation Street, a superb green limousine turned majestically but incongruously into a dingy Montmartre street one morning in December 1911.

A drizzle, half-rain, half-fog, fell obstinately. Parisians who happened to be passing in the rue Ordener went about their business as usual, their shoulders hunched against the cold, troubling themselves no further about the car, a Delaunay-Belleville which had by now come to a stop outside number 142.

In the limousine were three, possibly four, men. They sat and waited.

At 8.50 exactly two men turned the corner, making their way towards the branch of the Société Générale Bank at 156. One of them was recognisable at a distance: he wore the uniform of a cashier – cocked hat, green tail-coat with gold buttons, a gold badge on his chest. His name was Ernest Caby. He was replacing a colleague off sick. The other, a body-guard, was called Peemans. The two, their heads lowered slightly to shield off the rain, had come from the main office in the rue de Provence. Caby was carrying a brief-case and a bag. In the bag was over 5,500 francs in gold and silver. In the brief-case were bonds to the value of 210,000 francs.

Two men had alighted from the Delaunay-Belleville. They walked a few paces towards cashier and body-guard; they stopped blocking the way.

Caby almost bumped into this unexpected obstruction. He looked up to see a man with unusually piercing eyes, who was taking his hand from his pocket. In his hand was a Browning automatic.

The first shot went into the cashier's neck, the other into his chest. His bags were seized as he staggered and the body-guard fled unscathed into the nearest shop doorway. The attackers jumped into the limousine, firing shots as they went, none of which, miraculously, found a target. The car, stolen a few nights earlier from a hotel garage, lurched out of the street and away into the distance.

Years before Al Capone or Bonnie and Clyde, the first-ever motorised hold-up had happened.

In Paris the response was furious. Not only was it the first crime of its kind, but those responsible had had the audacity to commit the robbery in broad daylight and they'd none the less managed to escape scot-free. 'Outrage!' cried the newspapers. Public opinion demanded the immediate arrest of the culprits, though in truth the police had as yet not the slightest inkling as to their possible identities.

The bank made an immediate offer of 12,500 francs reward to anyone providing information leading to the arrest of the bandits, a promise which stirred the informers of the Paris underworld into an instant fit of activity. Fantasied denunciations positively burst forth. The robbers were seen everywhere: they were spotted counting bank-notes in Brussels on the same day as they were seen taking the métro in Paris.

The 10-12 hp Delaunay-Belleville limousine, its purpose served, had been found the following day at the bottom of a cliff at Dieppe.

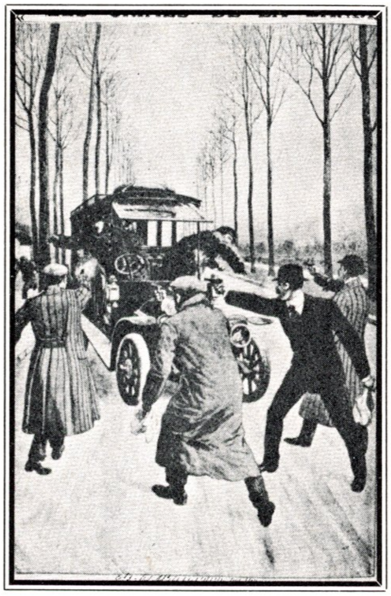
For three weeks the police floundered. But in ill-lit cafés in Montmartre and in the Latin quarter there was talk of 'anarchists,' and the occasional whisper of the name Bonnot.

Jules Bonnot, a man of few words with a moustache and small grey eyes, had been born son of a foundry worker. At five he lost his mother and his schoolmaster had described him as 'an intelligent pupil but lazy, indisciplined, insolent, constantly thrown out of lessons, rough towards his class-mates.'

During his apprenticeship he received several strong reprimands, but he served his period of military service well and without protest. He got married in 1901 and was an able mechanic, travelling round – Lyons, St Etienne, Switzerland – to get work, as was the custom. But he became involved in union activities and, what with economic recession, he was marked down for dismissal. His wife left him and took their son with her.

By 1907 Bonnot was no longer able to find work, so he tried to set up his own repair shop: but it didn't flourish. He tried counterfeiting but, more important, the motor car boom was just getting under way . . . he became one of the first to specialise in stolen vehicles. He became an expert in altering and re-shaping bodies, fitting new licence plates.

Such a lean-to existence, however, was hardly the road to fortune. One evening it dawned on him: his mistake had been to



March 1912: the gang ambush a car . . .

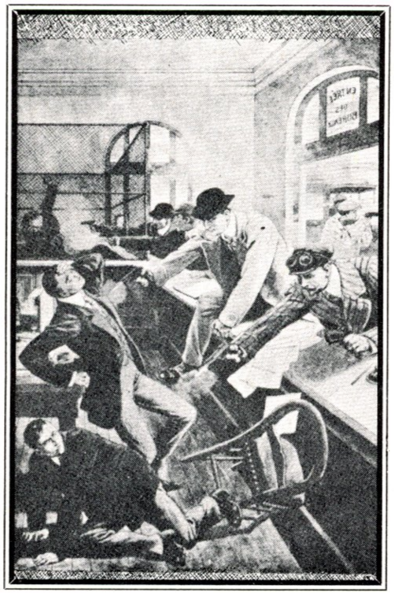
Bonnot, petty-thief turned anarchist

Garnier, who killed their first cashier

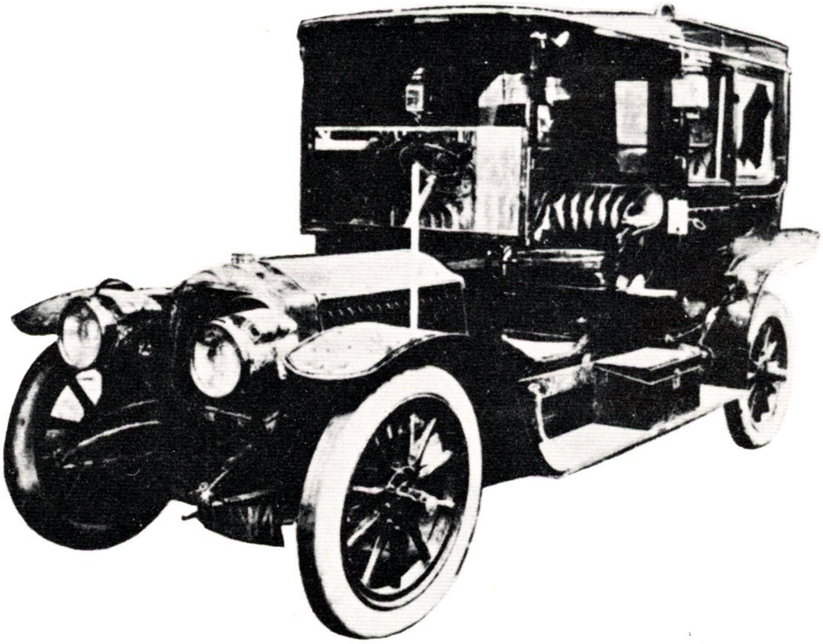
Dieudonné, 28, said to be 'most charming'

'Belgian Mary,' one of the lady members

Raymond the Boffin, the gang's 'thinker'



. . . and rob a bank at nearby Chantilly



The car used for the Chantilly raid. The gang's first car was dumped over a cliff

regard car-stealing as an end in itself when the motor car, a means of transport, a mere symbol of wealth, should in fact itself be used as a means.

A visit to London served only to confirm him in this view. Bonnot became for a few weeks chauffeur to, amazingly enough, Arthur Conan Doyle. Quite what, if any, effect this brief contact with the author of the Sherlock Holmes stories may have had on him we shall never know.

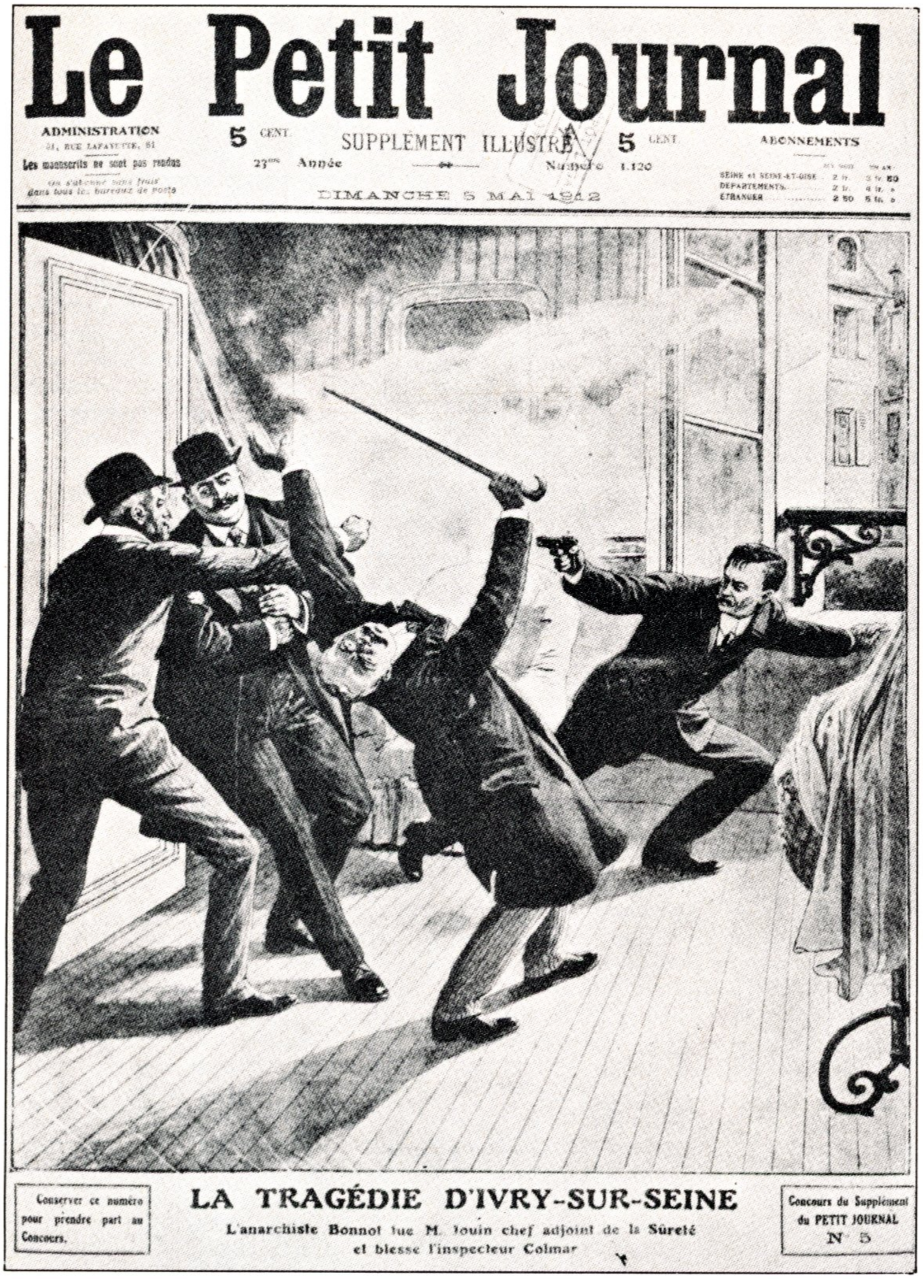
He returned to Lyons and determined to aim for bigger things. A short while later, he packed his tooth-brush, five clips of ammunition – easily obtainable in those days – together with five Brownings, and set out for Paris.

Through a friend, Bonnot, now at the age of 35, soon came into contact with the polymorphous anarchist movement, which at that time had adherents at every level of Parisian society and in every walk of life. One anarchist group in particular, that centred round the journal *l'Anarchie*, was toying with ideas near to Bonnot's heart. Victor Kilbalchik, Rirette de Maîtrejean, Raymond Callemin, Octave Garnier, André Soudy, Edouard Carouy, Louise Dieudonné, Marie Vuillemin and others had contemplated with more than usual thoroughness all the various ramifications to the great Proudhon's statement: 'Property is theft.'

They were all more or less agreed that the social order rested on money. Sabotage money and the principal pillar of the social order would crash. Perhaps forgery on a big scale could help bring about the revolution? It was an interesting idea. Or perhaps 'personal expropriation,' as they called it – just theft itself – was the thing. It was during such a discussion one evening that Bonnot forced the revolutionists to lay their subversive principles on the line.

'Aren't you all sick and tired of this wretched existence?' he asked them. 'Here we are, flogging a stolen bicycle here, pushing a few dud coins there or even stooping to pick up our ridiculous wages from the foreman after a long week at the factory. And what do we get out of it? Nothing. You all talk about revolution and illegality but what do you *do* about it?'

'What do you expect us to do?' one of



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LA TRAGÉDIE D'IVRY-SUR-SEINE

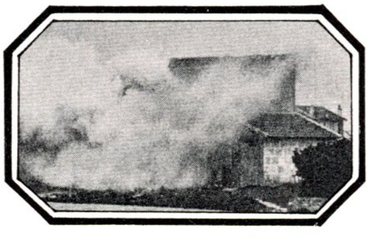
L'anarchiste Bonnot tue M. Jouin chef adjoint de la Sûreté et blesse l'inspecteur Colmar

Concours du Supplément du PETIT JOURNAL N° 5

Front-page news: the killing of M. Join, deputy head of the Sûreté, as Bonnot evades arrest

LOTISSEMENT
FROMENTIN

The cart up against Bonnot's lair . . .



. . . then suddenly the final explosion

Andre Soudy, the gang's crack-shot

them asked him sarcastically. 'Rob a bank?'

'Precisely,' replied Bonnot.

What was to become known as the 'Bonnot Gang,' or the 'tragic bandits,' as the French were to refer to them, had come into existence.

They were a multifarious bunch: suave, good-looking young men and horny-handed toilers; they included the dapper intellectual and the hardened trade union militant; and of course, there were the ladies of the gang.

Perhaps the most tragic of all the tragic bandits was André Soudy, nicknamed 'Luckless' by his friends. Aged 20, his life had been a succession of disasters; he was just the most extreme instance of a number of the Bonnot gang who brimmed over with bitterness born of social injustice. He had become a grocer's boy at the age of eleven and contracted tuberculosis at thirteen. Expelled from job after job for union activities, now people found him cunning and violent, with grey, dark eyes, spitting out his lungs.

In his voluminous hand-me-down overcoat that stretched to his ankles and his bowler hat, he looked a somewhat ridiculous figure. But he had done his military service; he could handle a rifle with deadly accuracy. He became the terrible 'man with the carbine.'

Raymond Callemin, on the other hand – nicknamed 'Raymond the Boffin' because his head was always in a book – was a short-sighted dandy of 20, who described himself at his trial as 'an orator and philosopher.' And there was Kilbalchik, poet and novelist, who was later to become involved in the Russian revolution and renowned under the name of Victor Serge but like Trotsky fled to Mexico.

Meanwhile, the police still sought desperately the culprits in the rue Ordener robbery. Already they had received no less than 2,427 anonymous letters offering tip-offs and possible leads, all of which had to be checked out; but not one rendered the least scrap of useful information. In charge of the investigation by now was M. Jouin, second-in-command of the Sûreté.

In hospital, M. Caby, the cashier, was

turn to page 56

How Bonnot beat Clyde

continued from page 31

slowly making a recovery, and from a heap of photographs he succeeded in picking out one of his assailants. He was Octave 'the navvy' Garnier, a taciturn youth and militant syndicalist who had refused to do military service, now a leading member of the Bonnot Gang . . . The hunt was on.

Four days after the robbery the gang had broken into an armoury in the rue Lafayette and later, in the New Year, they raided the American armaments factory in the boulevard Haussmann. They stocked up with pistols, Brownings and rifles.

In February they stole their second car, getting involved in a brush with a Paris traffic policeman on the 27th, which resulted in shots being fired at the officer and his subsequent death. Right through that month they engaged in robberies.

Official tempers, already frayed, were hardly assuaged by an open letter sent by Octave Garnier to Gilbert Guichard, chief of the Sûreté, on March 19. 'You know something, Guichard,' he wrote, 'you're so bad at your lousy profession that I feel like turning up and putting you right myself. Oh, I know you'll win in the end, alright. You've got a formidable arsenal at your disposal, and what have we got? Nothing. We'll be beaten because you're strong and we're weak, but we hope to make you pay dearly for victory. Looking forward to meeting you . . .'

The next big bank raid occurred at Chantilly on March 25. The gang made off with 35,000 francs in notes, 10,000 in gold and 4,000 in silver, again from a branch of the Société Générale. Two cashiers were shot dead and a third seriously wounded. The Société Générale's reward went up to 100,000 francs.

Public anger in Paris and the terrorised suburbs grew. One deputy demanded that the Minister of the Interior immediately authorise the buying of eight automobiles, each equipped with automatic weapons, to deal with this new threat to law and order.

Police raids in the Belleville area of Paris, near the offices of *l'Anarchie*, on March 30 resulted in the arrest of the first member of the gang. It was the unfortunate and, as usual, 'unlucky' Soudy.

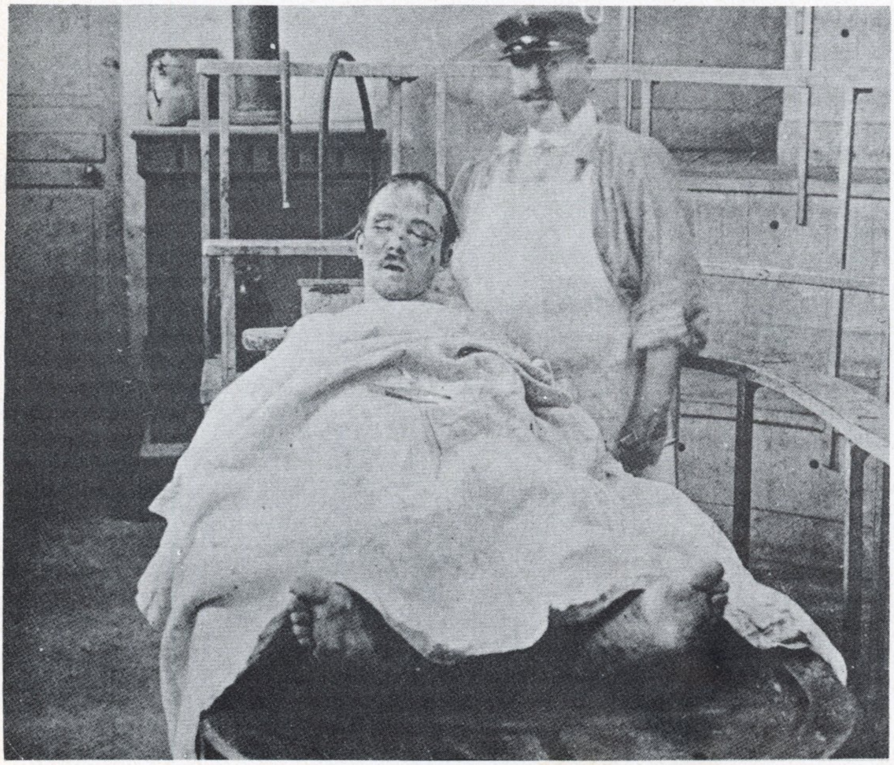
The net was now beginning to close. Carouy and Callemin – Raymond the Boffin – were arrested three days later.

On April 24 a house-to-house search in Petit-Ivry revealed where Antoine Gauzy, another man associated with the Bonnot Gang, was lodging. The police surrounded the house and Jouin, deputy-chief of the Sûreté, led the raid himself. Gauzy wasn't there but Bonnot was. Bonnot managed to shoot his way out, killing Jouin and wounding an inspector in the process.

Four days later Bonnot was tracked down to a garage owned by a friend on a plot of open land in Choisy-le-Roi, just outside Paris. The surrounding land, known appropriately enough as the 'Red Nest,' was owned by an anarchist millionaire called Fromentin.

At dawn on April 29, 1912 Gilbert Guichard head of the Sûreté, accompanied by three inspectors, crept towards the garage, a spacious two-storey wooden building, with an out-house attached.

After reconnoitering the spot, a squad of armed police raided the garage. When they burst in, Dubois was repairing a motor cycle and, according to the police, he resisted arrest by shooting at them; though another account claimed that he merely hid behind a car. Either way, he was shot dead. At that moment shots came from the upper story. Bonnot, in shirt sleeves, was letting rip in fairground style. One policeman was wounded and Guichard, ordered retreat.



Society's ultimate verdict: Bonnot's bullet-ridden corpse put on display in the mortuary

Reinforcements were called for and just after 9 am two companies of the national guard, more police and gendarmerie arrived. Word that Bonnot had been run to earth spread fast, and spectators began to gather from miles around. Women with babies, reporters with notebooks, photographers with tripods and old ladies who sighed came even from Paris – by train, horse-carriage and car – literally in their thousands, to see the spectacle. And spectacle it was.

After a conference, the hunters decided to use dynamite to get Bonnot out. A cart piled high with straw was used as a shield, behind which to creep up on the garage and plant the charge. This an officer did. After one unsuccessful attempt to light the fuse there followed in quick succession two sharp explosions.

Inside the shed, Bonnot had rolled himself into a mattress in preparation for the end. However, when the cloud of dust and plaster settled, the vast crowd could see that the building way out in front of them was still intact.

Five minutes later there was a third explosion. This time the charge had been planted in the ground floor of the building itself. Ceilings, walls and roof cracked and fragments flew in all directions. Flames started, spread and leapt high.

The police smashed their way in, to find Bonnot wounded in the neck and shoulder. He fired one shot from his mattress refuge, but it went into the ceiling. Then the Browning fell from his hand: 'You heap of bastards,' he screamed. The police, for good measure, riddled the mattress with bullets.

Bonnot's body was dragged out and in due course cremated. A note was found acquitting the other gang members of responsibility. Aside from Bonnot, Garnier, and Valet were dead, The others, twenty-two of them in all, went on trial.

The main prosecution commenced in February 1913, but many of the charges had to be dropped for want of proof. The police had in fact almost certainly arrested gulity and innocent alike. A total of 363 counts were put to the jury, who deliberated for fifteen hours.

One man and the three women were found Not Guilty. Kilbalchik, Payer and Croyat were each given five years; Carouy and Metge, life sentences; the others, lesser terms. Raymond 'the boffin' Callemin, 'Luckless' Soudy, Dieudonné and Monier were sentenced to death.

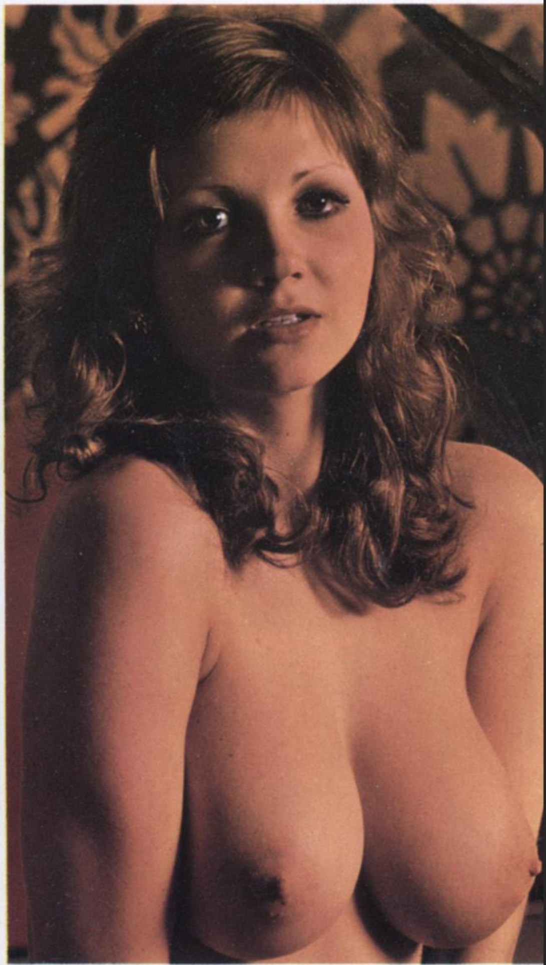
Dieudonné was later reprieved, Carouy committed suicide, and Callemin, Soudy and Monier were in due course guillotined. The tragic bandits, who had declared total war on all authority, had been wiped out. Just over a year later, in August 1914, authority itself declared war. Six-and-a-half million men, women and children died.

THE IMPROBABLE POBBLES

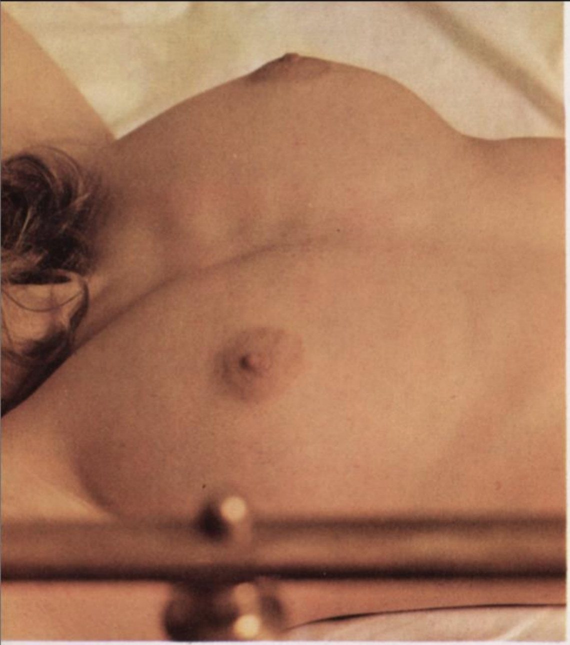
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

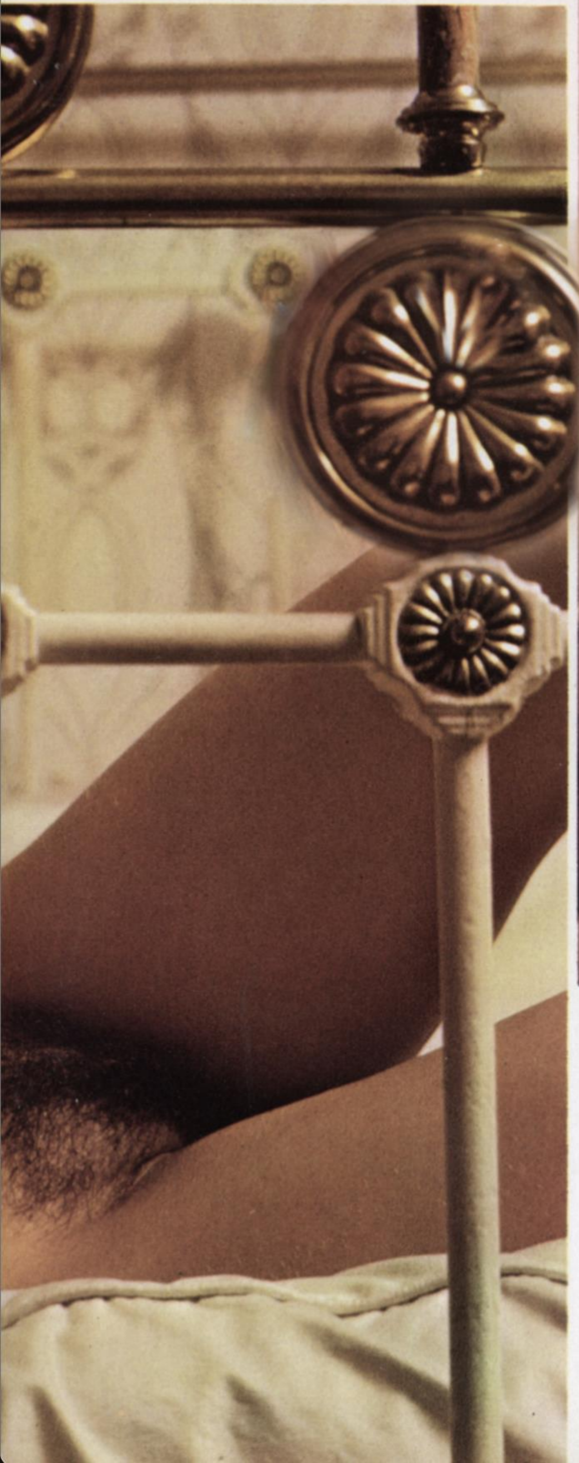
She takes off her bra. 'Aren't ads real?' Snicks at her hair with a brush. Prudence Bingham turns heads not because she is small (5 feet 2 inches) but because she is, when you half-sneak a second look, so unlikely. She is not a cornflakes girl. 'Fancy eating a plate of sunshine in the morning, sunshine . . . fancy; fantasy.' She perches on the corner of the bed. 'But, in a

way' – thumbing her wrist – 'it's real. Fantasy's what TV's all about and because television's such a big part of life, so is fantasy. The ads are the best fantasy, the most expensive, so in that sense they *must* be the most real things you can watch.' Having to deflect the conversation of such a diminutive Miss can be, for men, most unexpected: 'I can't remember how I got the name Pobbles. It could have been my brother. I couldn't ever stand Prudence, a sort of cat's name; prissy.' Hampster-eyed and eighteen, she is certainly no cat, nor prissy. Pobbles (39–23–35) is a brandy-ball of a girl and creature of contrasts. Counterpoint to her flat-life in a large-windowed Georgian house at the low-numbered end of Bristol's Mall, are her occasional visits to The Black Horse at the east end of town with its dated rock 'n' roll packed juke box, hirsute bike riders and oft-spilt beer. Strange perhaps when you consider the long afternoons she spends in the sun of her back garden with its mist sparked view of the Avon Gorge where Brunel's Clifton suspension bridge stalks across into the far trees. 'It may seem strange, but I actually like noise now



and then. I like being excited. On the Mall there are a lot of retired army officers and rising young execs. It's only down at our end where students are moving in, that there's any life.' When excitement is on the wane, Pobbles is to be found in a friend's brightly-lit garden shed, a paint brush in her hand. 'Angela and I are going through this craze over old slot-machines. It happened last birthday when my younger brother arrived on the doorstep with an old pin-ball machine. It was just a small one and all the paint and varnish had washed away. We did it up and now we have two other machines we're painting.' In bright Kandy colours, like her stockings, she explains. Pobbles likes the loud in liberal doses. Just now she is helping out at an uncle's mail order firm in London. 'And I can't wait to get back to Bristol.' Her longer term ambition is for a date with Prince Charles. As they say. 'The difficult we can do now, the impobbable takes time.'





MAYFAIR S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PRUDENCE BINGHAM

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / PRUDENCE BINGHAM

JOUST GOOD FRIENDS

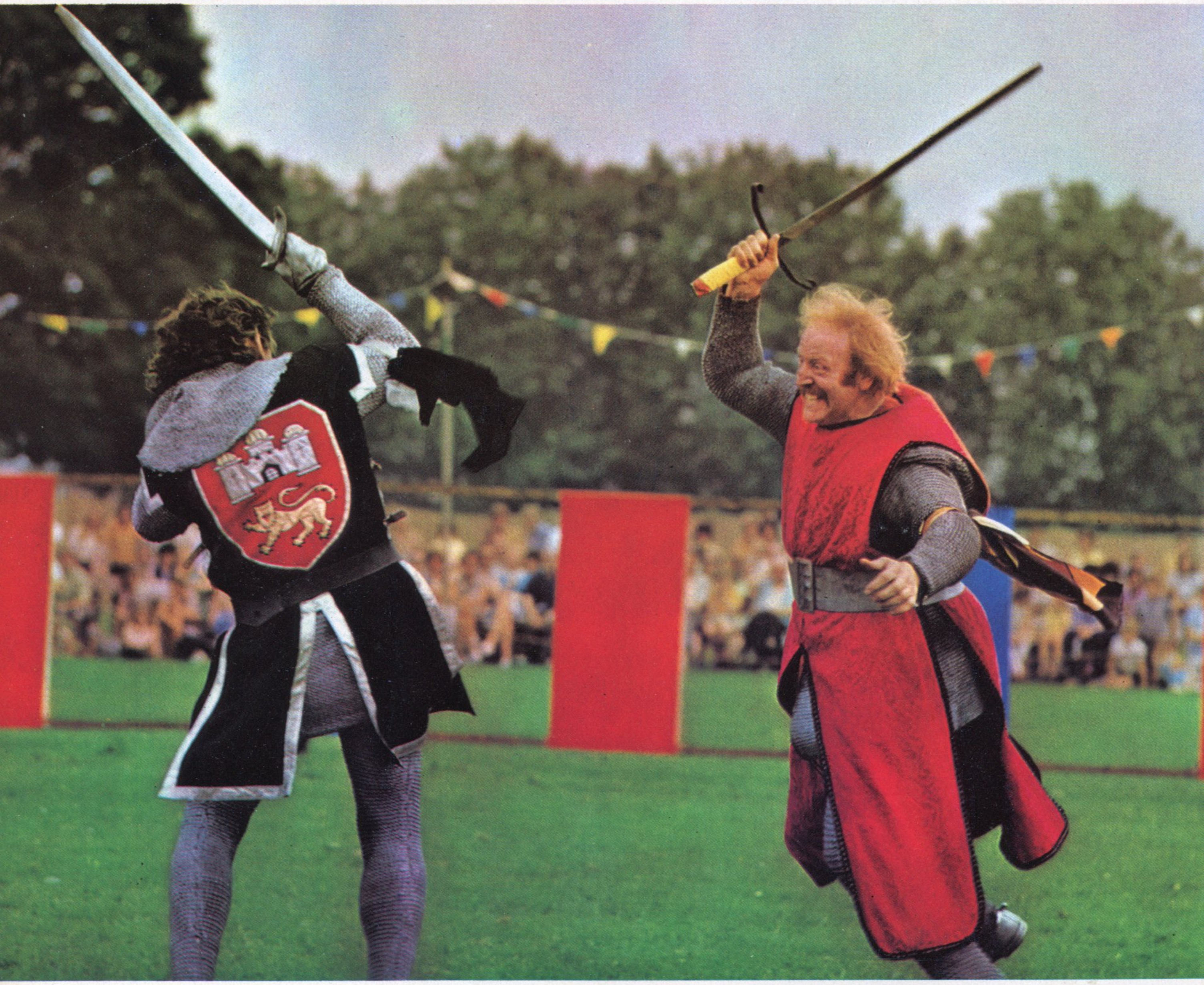
Medieval jousts were often to the death. Today tilting for thrills can still mean a 50 mph clash of arms with your friend, often ending in cracked ribs and broken bones / Words by Tony Brett Young. Photographs by Michael Hardy

'When I go into the arena my belly's a tight knot. I think to myself: what an idiot I am. I'm not going to do this any more; next time I'll be the Knight Marshall and let the mugs do it.

'But then I get in there. Suddenly it's my turn to go down the tilt. I've got my lance in my hand, the horse is snorting and suddenly there's no ache, nothing. I've gone way back through the years . . .'

Max Diamond, otherwise known as Black Gauntlet, Champion Knight of Middlesex, is a former commando, stunt man and song writer. Now he's a professional jouster, one of a group of fifteen or so regular performers who travel the jousting circuit. Thirteen such tourneys have been organised in various parts of Britain this year. They have been held in places ranging from historic Battle, scene of the Battle of Hastings, to commercial Blackpool and riot-torn Belfast.

The tournaments are organised by the British Jousting Society, formed two years ago when the ancient sport was revived by some professional stunt men. Led by Diamond and former boxer 'Nosher'



Previous page: Greg Power, the Champion Knight of Macaulay, and Roy Street, Champion of Essex, meet at full tilt. This page, top row: the Champion of Montrose, otherwise Michael Forfar; William of Launceston, Billy Horrigan, in the saddle; and Peter Brace, Champion of Buckingham, faces up to some hand-to-hand combat. Above: ex-boxer 'Nosher' Powell, Frederick of Gaywood, meets National Jousting Champion Jack Cooper or John of Norwich as he's known when he's wearing his chain mail. Right: two page boys discuss form. Opposite page: Jack Cooper takes the trophy, then shoulders his lance as Black Gauntlet, Max Diamond awaits a sword

Powell – now otherwise known as Frederick of Gaywood, Champion Knight of Kent – they received valuable support from historian Brigadier Peter Young, another ex-commando who now acts as Knight Marshall at many of the tournaments.

The society based its revival on incomplete 12th century descriptions of jousting, during which period the sport was sanctioned by Richard Cœur de Lion after being banned by William the Conqueror a century before. William had stopped massive jousting contests being held up and down the country for fear that they might lead to uprisings at a time when he was struggling to maintain his slender grip on the Kingdom.

In an edict signed at Lewes in 1195 Richard permitted the ancient sport to resume at five specified centres – Salisbury, Standford, Brackley, Tickhill and at Smithfield in London.

The protective clothing, weapons, accoutrements and conduct of today's jousters have been closely modelled on the originals as described by the 12th century scribes. The main item is the chain mail suit, not heavy armour as popularized by Hollywood, which didn't in fact come into vogue until the 15th century. Such armour, the society says, slowed horses considerably, made it difficult for knights to unseat one another and lead to the subsequent decline in the sport's popularity in the 17th century.

turn to page 50

Christmas happens after a badedas bath

badedas
VITA
BATH GELEE
For vitalising Foam Baths and Showers

badedas
for Christmas

Just what happens after a badedas bath has always been an intimate secret. Now, it can be told. Christmas happens! Romantic, ever-loving Christmas abounds in every stimulating bubble. It even smells like Christmas! So give badedas with love. And mean it.

badedas
Continental bath gelée
The most stimulating thing since bathing itself
95p, £2·15 and (magnificent magnum) £5·25

JOUST GOOD FRIENDS

continued from page 47

Diamond claims that today's joust – though, of course, it doesn't continue to death – is in practical terms a more dangerous affair than the original. 'In those days,' he says, 'the barrier separating the oncoming horses in the tilt was six feet high, which meant a pretty poor view for spectators.' Today's barrier, given the need to keep the paying public in mind, has been lowered to a mere 4 ft 6 in.

This means the horses see each other as they approach, often causing them to baulk or jib, increasing considerably the danger to riders.

To this, the injury list of today's combatants bears witness. Each of the society's fifteen members has been seriously injured at some time or other. Diamond himself tops the list with six broken and five cracked ribs, two shoulder injuries, a twice-broken nose, four doses of concussion and, more recently, a broken knee, all in the cause of popular entertainment.

But, far from being deterred, the group seem keener than ever, surprisingly enough.

The number of tourneys is increasing (next year the society plans to hold twenty compared with thirteen this year) and certainly the crowds have not been lacking. On occasions, as many as ten thousand have paid to watch.

The participants themselves are all professional stunt men, veterans of the film and TV tumble. Jack Cooper appeared in *Ivanhoe*; Peter Brace was in *The Battle of the Bulge*. Others have been stand-ins in films like *Knights of the Round Table, Sherwood Forest* and *Camelot*.

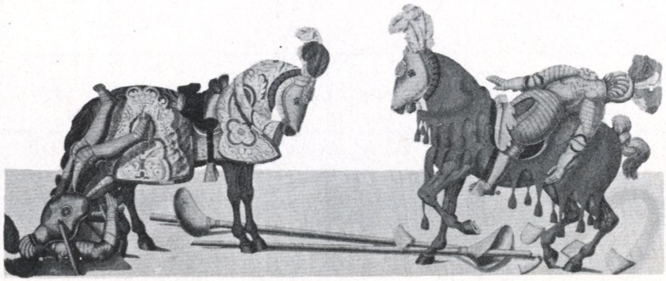
Each man is fully trained in stunt riding, sword-fighting and in the use of foot combat weapons such as the axe and the mace and chain. The 'knights' use as lances realistic bamboo poles with padded ends. Twelve feet long, but lighter than the traditional ash, they are just as effective and dangerous. It is estimated that two knights can meet at combined speeds of up to fifty or sixty miles an hour at full tilt. Contests are decided by points, awarded for striking an opponent's shield for unseating him and for striking him down in foot combat.

Being stunt men, the jousters, as might be expected, are open to the suggestion that their clashes are staged, professional wrestling-style. Diamond disagrees. Because they are stunt men, he says, they know how to fall, ride blows and handle their weapons professionally. He admits, however: 'We do ham it up a bit to make the show a better *spectacle*; but the skill required means that the best jousters are usually the victors.' The reigning champion is Jack Cooper, known as John of Norwich, the rugged Champion Knight of Norfolk. Cooper, well over six feet, bears several battle scars and has taken the title at National Championships for two years now.

Staging tourneys is a costly business. A three-day event can cost up to £6,000 and outfits and weapons alone can come to £1,000 per man. In addition, each knight has his extras, his esquire and page, and they too have to be fitted out in the appropriate style with costumes and trappings.

There are three hundred professional stunt men in Britain today and the society is confident it can draw more of them into its ranks to provide stiffer and wider competition. Diamond says: 'To have a live audience is obviously far better than a dead camera. Anyway, we're all egotists and we love the limelight.'

Diamond sees in his mind's eye the day when jousting contests will be held on an international scale, between teams of knights from all over Europe, even from as far afield as Australia . . . a dream of plumage and clashing steel.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner stories

One morning after father had departed for work, the small boy looked more thoughtful than usual as he spooned into his breakfast porridge.

'What's my little man thinking about now,' crooned mother.

'Mummy, you know you went to see granny yesterday afternoon?' asked the boy. 'Yes dear.'

'Well, daddy came home from work early and went into the bedroom with the au-pair girl . . .'

'Quiet child, how dare you talk like that,' said mother: but then after a moment's reflection – 'Tommy, when mummy wants you to speak about that again she will ask you.'

That evening as the unsuspecting father, seated with his family, was eating his dinner, mother turned to the child and said: 'Now, Tommy, what were you telling me this morning about daddy and the au-pair girl?'

'Well, mummy, I was hiding in the wardrobe when daddy brought her into the bedroom. I peeped out and they were taking their clothes off . . .'

'Really my dear,' spluttered father, 'this is most unfair . . .'

'You be quiet,' stormed mother, 'I'm, going to see my solicitor tomorrow; go on Tommy, you were telling mummy?'

'Well, she lay on the bed and daddy got on top of her.'

'Yes dear, go on.'

'Then they started doing what you and uncle John did last summer when daddy was away on a business trip.'

The blonde showgirl dancer, slightly the worse for drink, was driving her Aston Martin at 120 mph along the M6 when she heard the bray of a police patrol siren behind her.

She pulled over to the hard shoulder and the patrol car braked to a halt in front of her.

'Miss,' said the sergeant approaching her window, 'I'm afraid you've been driving recklessly. You'll have to take a breathalyser test.'

Afterwards, studying the colour of the crystals in the bag, the policeman said: 'It appears from this, young lady, that you've had several stiff ones in the last couple of hours.'

'Surely, officer,' she replied. 'It doesnt show that as well?'

In a Southampton bar, patronised by officers and crew from the large trans-atlantic liners, the impecunious but stunningly attractive redhead was having little success hitching a free trip to America. In each case she explained she had no money but wanted to try her luck in the American film industry.

Each time the answer was: 'Too risky. You'd be bound to get caught – it would mean the push for whoever was involved.'

Deciding to try another tack, she approached a more susceptible junior seaman and this time offered the delights of her body in exchange for a trip. This young man could hardly resist and replied: 'All right, I'll take the chance. It's a red hot risk so you'll have to share my bunk and you won't be able to leave my cabin, you understand, until we dock. If you were to be seen on deck by any of the crew you'd be sent straight back to England.'

The girl agreed to this. But after ten days at sea, sexually exhausted by the young sailor's attentions, and feeling claustrophobic in the tiny cabin with its shuttered portholes, the girl began to wonder why the trip was taking so long. Finally, on the twelfth day she could take it no longer. When the seaman left to go on duty, she staggered up on deck. There, she came face to face with the captain.

'Have we not reached America, yet?' she asked. 'It seems to be taking us a long time.'

'America,' replied that startled officer, 'Good Lord woman, this is the Isle of Wight Ferry.'

The young husband had evinced little interest in sex until he was given an organ transplant by a famous surgeon. Overnight he became a raver with unlimited sexual prowess and diverse inclinations. Unfortunately, that is, with any woman but his wife, whom he refused to go to bed with.

'Why,' she wept, late one night when her husband wandered home, sexually surfeited, 'do you make love to any woman but me?'

'But darling,' he replied, 'it's just that I don't like the idea of you being unfaithful to me.'

The submarine had been on sea trials in the North Atlantic for three solid months, when late one afternoon on the fourth watch, the Captain heard an ominous metallic tapping coming from somewhere in the vessel.

When after ten minutes the tapping did not cease he snapped out a command to his number one: 'Take her down to six fathoms and trim her for silent running.'

The manoeuvre completed, the craft glided silently beneath the waves. Listening intently the Captain could still detect the tapping now more rapid.

Nerves at straining point he ordered his second in command to search out the source of the trouble at all costs.

The officer disappeared into the bowels of the vessel and returned in minutes.

'Sir,' saluted the officer. 'It's the bosun masturbating.'

'My God,' said the Captain, 'I trust you told him to stop.'

'No need sir,' replied the officer, 'I told him to take his cuff-links off.'

The philosopher said:
'When it comes to the push,
A bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush.'
The cynic replied:
'When it comes to a stand,
A push in the bush
Is worth two in the hand.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

THE AMAZING RISE OF THE SENSUOUS MAN

'The Sensuous Man' is the male version of that best-selling book 'The Sensuous Woman'. It comes from W. H. Allen, rated among the Establishment of publishers. Yet its anonymous author 'M' is so frank, so blunt, so honest in his approach that it is difficult not to feel a sense of shock. It is a milestone in male sex technique textbooks. Judge for yourself with these short extracts

BECOMING THE SENSUOUS MAN

I was twenty-eight years old before I really learned how to make love to a woman. I learned how to be a Sensuous Man. That's what this book is all about – to help men who have not yet learned; who are unable to win, hold, and share the joys of sex with the women they so desperately desire.

By the end of the book you should be a sensational lover.

With tender hands, a probing tongue, an erect penis, and a wild imagination, a five-foot man can feel ten feet tall to the women with whom he's making love.

BURYING THE MYTHS

Many men have imagined handicaps. They cling to a number of myths which convince them that they simply got a raw deal in life. 'Where was I when they handed out good cocks?' they mutter.

Most men think that good looks is 99 per cent of the formula for sexual success. If you believe that, you are wrong.

THE BIG FEAR

Many of you have a special problem. It is the most common source of sexual anxiety among men: the fear that your penis is too small.

However glamorous or 'manly' it may seem to be 'well hung', penis size is not really a factor in intercourse. The size of a man's penis is not a central concern to a woman, who knows from experience that she is equally satisfied by any size, as long as the man wielding it knows what he is doing. Besides, most women are too busy worrying about the size of their breasts to concentrate on your trivial fears.

Whatever its size, the penis is not the primary instrument for arousing and satisfying a woman. You can't do much with a penis except wave it around, bat it against something, or move it in and out. The *real* sexual organs, when it comes to making love, are the hands and the mouth.

ON IMPOTENCE

Pity the poor male! Unless his dick gets hard, he can't do anything. And it's not something he can hide. His penis just rolls around like a limp sausage, mocking his masculinity. Impotence is humiliatingly obvious.

Never forget that the object of sex is not to be good, better, or best at it – the object is to derive enjoyment from it. And the odds are that the more competitive you are when you fuck the less pleasure you derive.

The burdens of performance become too much for some men and they become impotent.

The only way to cure impotence is to learn to relax and let nature take its course.

ON MASTURBATION

When you weigh the virtues of masturbation against the defects, the case for masturbation is by far the stronger. Masturbation is terrific. There is no need to downgrade it or apologise for it. Masturbation is an enjoyable act which you can practise for the rest of your life. It is one of our greatest tension-relievers. And it is completely harmless to self and society. Except, of course, that your ears will fall off.

Note to the liberal minded: Disregard the final sentence. He's only kidding – Ed.

THE PICK-UP

The secret of success in picking up women is 'the line'. It must be credible, and it should have a built-in time-limiting factor – a line should be of short duration.

On a crowded pavement:

Approach woman laden with parcels at speed intent on collision.

You: Oh dear! I'm dreadfully sorry.

She (annoyed): Why don't you look where you're going?

You (picking up parcels): I had eyes only for you.

She (flattered, confused): Oh . . . I'm all right now.

You: Nonsense, the least I can do is buy you a drink.

And away you go.

In the art gallery:

Stare at abstract for five minutes.

You: I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.

She: I don't think I understand it.

You: Me neither.

Awkward silence. Move from abstract to abstract.

You: I do better at the zoo. I understand the zoo pretty well.

She: Oh, do you like the zoo, too?

You: I love it. The zoo isn't far from here, you know. (Shyly). Would you like to go?

She: That sounds like *real* fun . . .

Animal behaviour will have a stimulating effect on both of you.

DRIVING A WOMAN TO ECSTASY

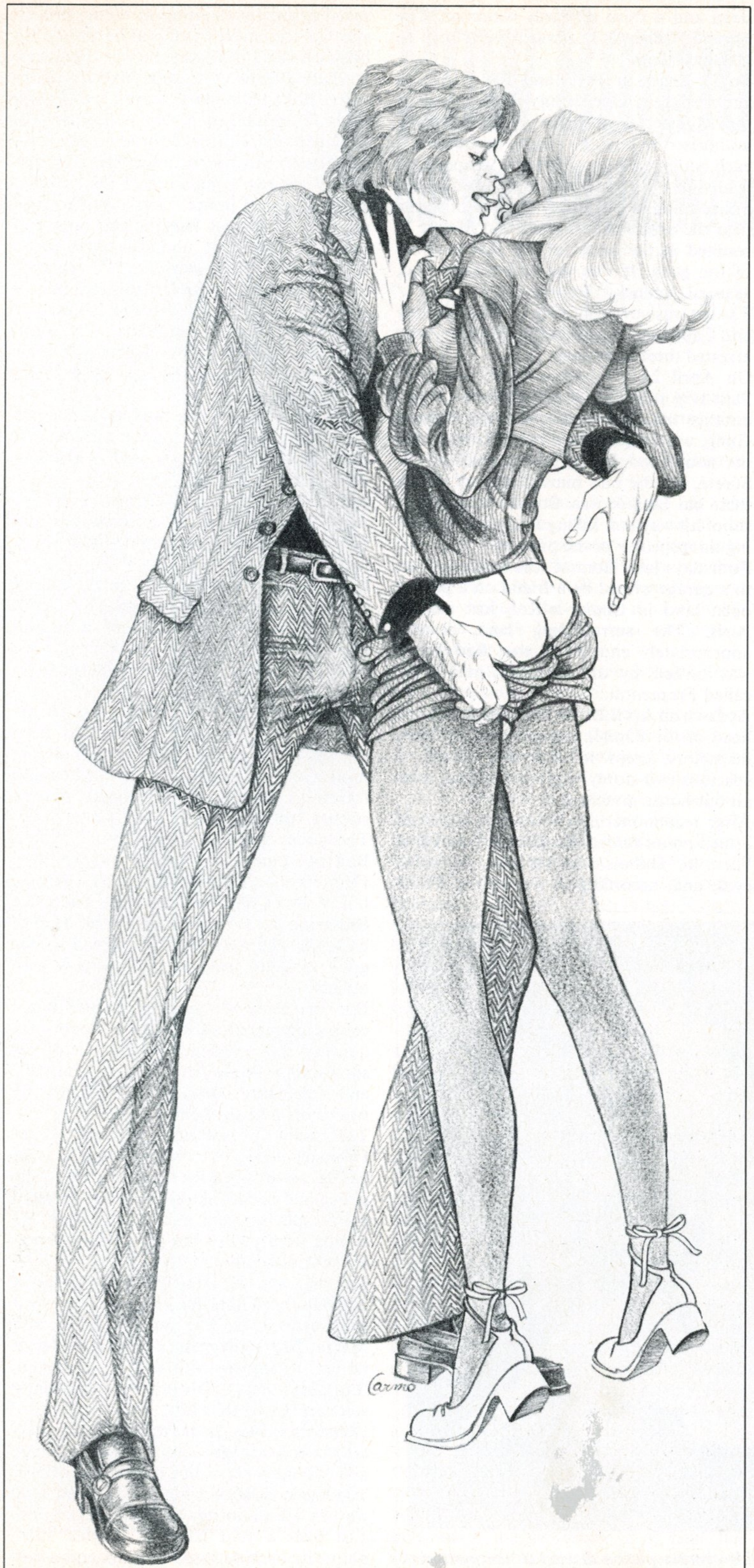
Women are unanimous on one point: They don't like their breasts being handled roughly. It seems that a depressing number of men are breast grabbers, squeezers and biters. Women have as much fear of being injured in the breasts as you have of being kicked in the balls, so proceed gently.

One of the most effective methods of arousing the female is to stroke the breasts in a soothing manner, brushing your hands and fingers softly and slowly over the nipples. Then cup one nipple in the palm of your hand and move the hand in lazy, clockwise motion, round and round, until the friction creates the beginning of nipple erection.

In my backward, pre-sensuous days, I used to think that when I stuck my hand down a girl's panties and pushed her clitoris back and forth with my fingers a few times, I was giving her a big thrill. I was really showing my ignorance.

Always begin with indirect manipulation of the clitoris. I caress the mons area first and then move on, after she is obviously responding, to the right and then the left side of the clitoral shaft and then back again to the mons area.

One of the dumbest mistakes men make is to stop manipulation when the woman reaches orgasm. Women desire and need continued stimulation during orgasm, so keep those fingers busy.



MARRIED WOMEN

She may be a great lay, but if you're a bachelor I recommend staying away from the married woman. There are plenty of lovely young chicks around who want loving and are available. They can sleep over, go away on weekends, and clean your flat.

BIRTH CONTROL

If birth control is called for, *be sure*. Not just for the reasons above, but because you can't have good sex if you're worried about getting your bedmate pregnant.

THE GRABBER

Some men feel that it is imperative to advertise that they are making it with a woman. Their technique is to clutch and paw their date's breasts, behind, and other extrusions in public, as if to prove that they are terrific lovers. What they are proving is that they are crude, insecure, juvenile and downright stupid – because such a display makes a woman feel cheap.

ABOUT ORGIES

Among the good points:

It is honest and uninvolved. Everybody is there for sex, and only sex. You don't have to worry about complicated romantic entanglements. You don't have to make false promises. All you have to do is pick out what you like – and put your penis in it.

Among the bad points:

You are opening yourself up to blackmail, endangering your professional reputation. And since many orgiasts are camera enthusiasts, you must always be prepared for that envelope – full of crude black and white prints of you – to show up in your mail.

If you decide that the orgy is for you, be prepared for a long, exhausting evening. Spread yourself around as far as you will go. Don't expect privacy. And don't count on pairing off because orgiasts love sweaty, heaving, heaps of naked bodies.

IN THE BATHTUB

The bathtub is one of the most imaginative and yet convenient love sites you can find. Settle yourself in the tub first and prop up your rubber ducky on the soap dish. She should now enter the bath, sitting between your legs and leaning back against your chest. With a heavily soaped glove, sponge or washcloth, wash and rinse her back, her neck, her breasts, and her pussy with a soft brushing motion, kissing her shoulders and blowing her hair. It's wonderful a time for compliments and playful teasing. When you are ready, she can turn around. Let the water drain down to about three or four inches and then screw her in the bathtub with the rubber ducky looking on.

Some subjects, dealt with in the book, have been omitted because we judged their impact would be too great taken out of the context of the whole chapter. If you wish to buy the book you can obtain it through the Mayfair Book Society, price £2.00, postage and packing 15p. Please turn to pages 16–17 for details.

SUSY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
COLIN RAMSAY

Readers have been telling us for a long time that Susy Shaw deserved an accolade from Mayfair – her face and 35–24–35 figure strike chords of Bardot imagery in you. So we investigated and arrived at the same conclusion. Now at 21, Susy has branched into films – but with a refreshing attitude towards the transient glamour of that industry. She has been standing in on the rape scenes for the new Dustin Hoffman film, 'Straw Dogs' in

which she was naked under a torn man's shirt. She admits: 'I was quite willing to do it but I didn't particularly enjoy it. Rough stuff in sex doesn't turn me on, even in fantasy.' Pantiless she may have been for that scene but until the last moment they remain firmly and tightly on. 'I've never pulled them down to get a film part – privately, if you see what I mean?' She has no penchant for stardom either. 'I don't want to stay in the

film business too long – I'm not too keen on most of the people in it. I'm the sort of girl who has to settle down with a man who is going to be boss – and how could he be if I was away making films all day.' Another compromise she will never make is in her clothes. Down to the thigh-length boots she dresses to look unashamedly sexy. 'The boots are the only fantasy I allow myself. They make me feel more than naked – perhaps naughty.'

BEWITCHING GIRLS WHO SPELL IT OUT FOR YOU

When buxom country girls mix witchcraft with sex, the results can be most arousing as Edward Knox found

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

I knew a witch once. She was all witch. 'Which way shall we do it tonight lover boy? Which pair of rubber gumboots do you prefer me in? Which whip shall I use?' But enough was enough and I finally left her for the relative peace and quiet of a raving nympho, obsessed by having it away every four hours of the day and night. It finally got a shade embarrassing in the office and I had to leave for a week's recuperation. So it was I turned the trusty Lancia's bonnet towards the back woods of Devon.

Sore and travel weary – I really must do something about that front seat – I came upon a tiny hamlet with but a single inn. Therein (in the inn) I found, after getting out and going in, a mottled oak beamed den with a population of a dozen assorted yokels communing in hushed tones and looking up with pained eyes at my peacockian city garb. As they shielded their eyes – and drinks, a soft mellow voice struck my ear. 'Can I help you, sir?' I spun to face the bar. And there she stood, five six; tanned country mellow skin in loose shirt and tight jeans with flossy blonde hair and deep black eyes. She had a pair of boobs that can only have been nudging 40, independently, too.

'Hello,' I said, gathering my spreadeagled wits into some semblance of operation, 'Nice day.'

'Yes,' she replied, 'isn't it.'

'To tell the truth,' I replied. 'I agree with you there.'

'Not me,' she said, 'you're agreeing there with yourself.' Ha, thought Knox, a tricky one. 'Do you have a room'?

'Yes,' she replied sweetly, 'do you?'

'No,' I said, 'and I want one.'

She leaned closer across the bar, propped on her boobs. I was drawn towards her. 'Are you,' she whispered, 'a warlock?' A definite shiver travelled down my spine. The inn's cat had jumped for the bar and landed on my neck. I wrenched it off. 'No, I'm not even a travelling salesman.'

'Well,' she said, 'there is one room free. The rest are full of witches and stuff. It's for the Throbbing of the Crun.'

'The Throbbing of who's Crun?' I queried, pretending a studied nonchalance I didn't feel. 'Something to do with flashing broom handles and brewing nasty smells, I suppose.'

'Spells,' she said. 'Anyway here's your key. Sign the book. You'll see what I mean tonight.'

'Tonight?'

'Yes it happens tonight. It's Hallowe'en. I'll come up and knock and smuggle you into the meeting.'

'Better still,' I replied. 'I'll snuggle you into the bed.'

'Har,' she said and disappeared into the back kitchen.

I was awoken in the middle of the night by a muted thudding. I arrived at the door in my silk applique pyjamas and a sheet wrapped toga like about my shoulders in the moonlight.

'Come on,' she said, all efficiency, 'or we'll be late for it all.' Our path led us across a large cow mined field but the young lady picked her way safely through, holding me by the hand. Finally we came to a large dark barn. All was silent but for a muted rhythmic clattering which came from somewhere near me. 'Could you keep your teeth together,' she said, 'someone'll hear them.'

It was pitch black in there except for the light from a cauldron that bubbled over what appeared to be a primus stove. Suddenly I was gripped from behind. Sounds nasty doesn't it. My legs were whisked from the floor and to the sound of heavy panting in my ears and a person holding each of my arms and legs I was rushed over to what looked like a pile of tea chests. I presumed it was supposed to represent an altar. I was swiftly and securely strapped to this tea chest rubbish by wrists and ankles. Imagine my surprise when I looked to see my own tender young friend and three other young girls, all as near naked as the day they were born – but with the same cloaks and conical hats. They ran round me in circles chanting, one with a broom another with a glass ball and a third with a great heftly looking book.

'I say,' I said, feeling like Custer mustering a desperate last stand, 'would you slow down, you're making me dizzy.'

'Shuttup.' One of them jabbed me with the end of the broom. 'We can't hear our own spells with you yacking away.'

'Charmed, I'm sure,' I replied, 'I say it's jolly uncomfortable up here you know. There seems to a be splinter sticking up my . . .' I got another jab from the broom. 'Shaddup, or the spell won't work.'

I had a sudden inspiration. 'It won't work you know,' I cried. 'you're supposed to sacrifice a virgin and I'm not a virgin.' That stopped them in their tracks. The tallest one, who seemed to be in charge sat down on the floor, switched on a torch and started scanning the index of her big heavy book. The one with the glass ball just stood around fondling it and the other looked deep into the cauldron and said, 'I say girls, the toad stew's nearly done.'

'Shuttup,' said the one in charge.

'How do we know he's not a virgin?' asked one of the girls.

'I dunno,' said another, 'how you tell whether a man's a virgin or not.'

'Take his trousers off,' said the one in charge.

My pyjama bottoms went twang and there we both were.

'Ooh,' said one of the girls, 'I feel all woozy.'

'Shuttup,' said the one in charge.

'Why don't we put it in the toad stew,' said another, 'this lot in here's all shrivelled up.'

'Wait a minute,' said my little maid, coming to my aid. 'It'd be a bit of a waste cutting it off wouldn't it?'

It was at this stage I realised what they were referring to. What they were referring to, realising they were referring to it, and tried to shrink back to nothing.

'Oh look, it's shrunk away.'

'What shall we do with him?'

'I know, let's see if we can make it come up again.'

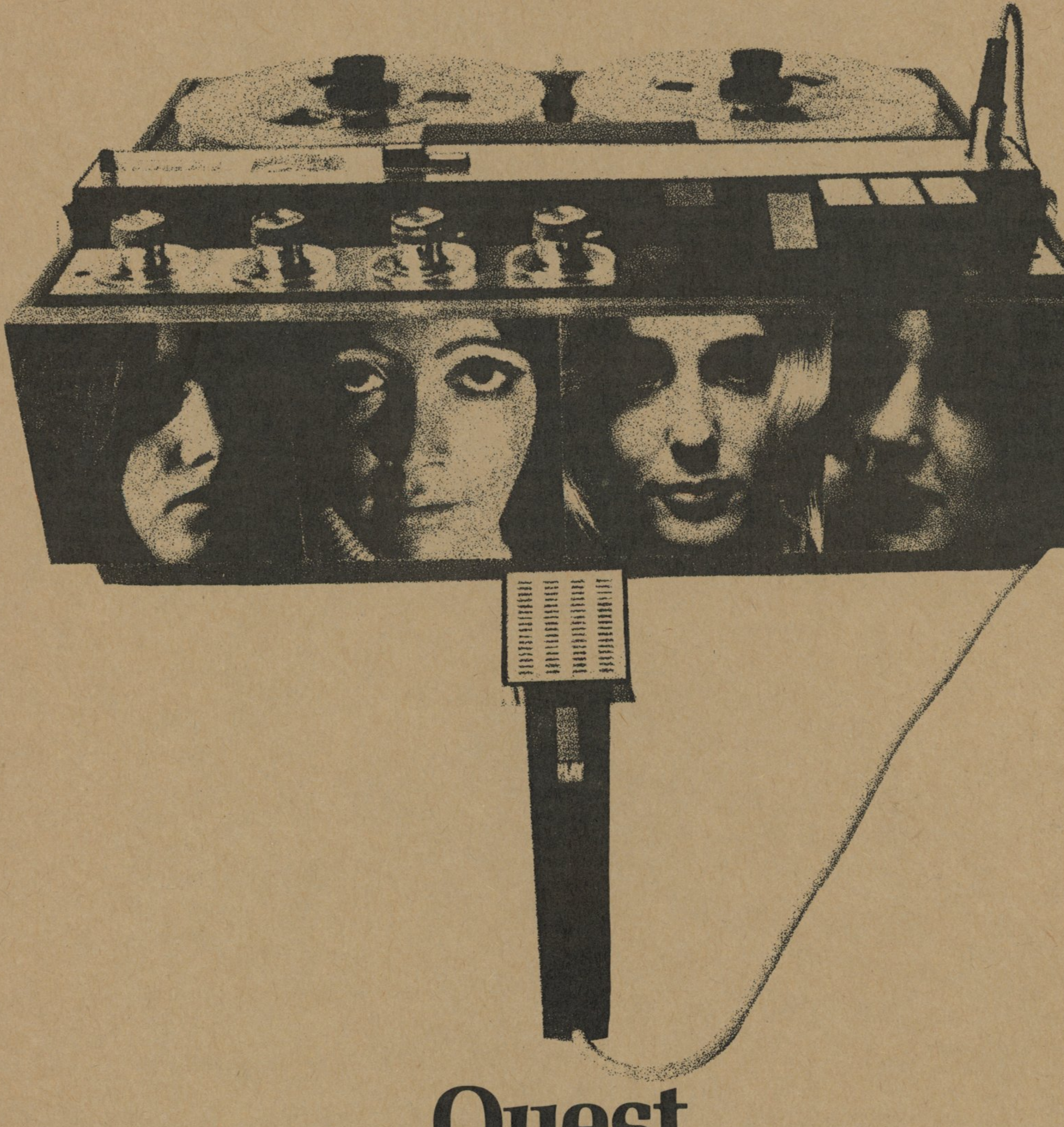
'Ooh it's like a warm broomstick only nicer.'

It came up rapidly.

'Ooh, look at that.'

'Untie me,' I yelped.

They finally did. It had been a joke, they explained, they'd been waiting to play – and a real live townie seemed too good an opportunity to miss. Suddenly we were all good friends. And thus they initiated me into their ancient rites and my even older rights. Lucky little me. Four bewitching bits of crumpet. And all coven fresh.



Quest

The laboratory of human response
Volume Three

In this, the second part of our special new survey on sex aids, we investigate the use of unusual condoms. Today condoms are no longer intended solely as a means of preventing conception. There are now a variety of types, designed to fulfill a number of functions. Some are claimed to assist the man in his performance, others to heighten the pleasure to the girl. Yet others, in bright rainbow hues, are meant to add gaiety to what has always been a rather clinical product. What do girls think of these novel condoms? Are they apprehensive, are they enthusiastic and eager for the new experiences offered? Quest has found a remarkable frankness

INTRODUCTION

In this, the second part of our special survey on sex aids, we have investigated how women have reacted to the new condoms. It is an interesting fact that in spite of the pill, sheaths or condoms are the best-sellers in most sex shops. This is not really surprising since condoms are among the cheaper items offered for sale as sex aids and the range is extremely wide. Nevertheless it may be that condoms are, and perhaps always have been, very convenient for casual sex. A man, or woman, can carry them around 'just in case'. Whereas for a girl to undertake a course on the pill presupposes a much more definite intent to have sexual intercourse. The increase in 'casual sex' may therefore reflect in an increase in condom sales.

Condoms as sold in the sex shops and the mail order catalogues come under four major headings.

Firstly, there are the usual sheaths, selling on their reliability, thinness, etc.

Secondly, there are condoms with additives, such as a spermicide to give extra protection or a cream to desensitise and therefore give greater control or longer lasting sex.

Thirdly, are the fun condoms. The usual variation here is for them to be coloured, and one of the best sellers is a rainbow selection. (It would be interesting to research which *colour* was favourite with the girls, but this unfortunately is not at present possible.)

Lastly, there are the condoms that are designed to increase sensation for the woman. They are fairly expensive, re-usable, and have outside additions such as nodules or ticklers.

For the purpose of our research we abandoned the first category. The sort of questions we set out to answer were whether girls in general welcomed the wider range of condoms, whether there were any in particular they appreciated, and whether the condom devices in fact gave them greater pleasure, and if so, whether they considered them a normal and natural thing to use. Again, our findings, although fascinating, are not at all significant for statistical purposes since the use of such condoms is not at present widespread.

Nonetheless, the intensely personal and candid nature of some replies we received reveal how 'sexual aids' are themselves transforming sexual mores.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Typist, 18 years old, brunette, town of origin Newcastle

This interviewee, a pert, confident girl, worked in the office department of a large printing works. She dressed quite provocatively and a lot of the men in her place of work were obviously sexually aware of her. This was her second job. She was single and lived with her sister and husband.

Quest: You've come across these coloured contraceptives?

Typist: Yes, I have actually. For a bit of a giggle.

Quest: Can you tell me about it?

Typist: There was this boy, Colin, in the packing department. He was always saying sexy things. He was always very cocky, you know.

Quest: Cocky-overconfident or cocky-randy?

Typist: Cocky-overconfident, I suppose. He was always hinting that he'd been sleeping with a lot of girls. I thought it just a show off.

Quest: And it wasn't?

Typist: I don't know. It was just that I didn't fancy him. He was always talking about him and me getting together . . .

Quest: Going out with you?

Typist: No, he never asked me out. He meant having sex. In the packing office, or somewhere he knew.

Quest: Had you had sex with other boys?

Typist: Not at the works.

Quest: But you have sex?

Typist: Yes, like most girls do. With your steady boyfriend, or a chap you fancy, or at a party or on holiday, or things.

Quest: But not with Colin?

Typist: I've already told you. I didn't fancy him.

Quest: Then what happened?

Typist: Well, one day he turned up with these funny French letters. They were all different colours. He had been giggling with some of the boys and one of the girls and he showed them to me. I had to go then, but I asked him to show them to me later.

Quest: Was that an excuse to see him alone?

Typist: Not likely. I was just called away.

Quest: And you did see him later?

Typist: Yes. He seemed a bit less boastful than before. He showed them to me and asked my favourite colour. I said I had to see them on. I was joking really. I said it was silly really because he wouldn't dare show me one on. He actually blushed a bit but said he would put one on if I let him, you know, put it in.

Quest: You mean have sex with you?

Typist: No not proper sex. He'd just put it in me. I said alright.

Quest: Why was that, when you didn't fancy him?

Typist: I think because he would have this Frenchie on. With boys you fancy you never know if they've got any or not. And the one's you really fancy want to do it without and I think that's silly. I suppose because I could actually see it was safe. I suppose that was why. Anyway, that's not the point. I thought he'd be scared, too.

Quest: And what happened?

Typist: We went down to these bookshelves where we couldn't be seen by anyone and he turned round to get his thing out. He said he had to get it hard and I said 'I can soon do that' or something and I put my hand round from behind and stroked it. It leapt up like a jack-in-the-box. I was surprised. I chose the red one and he put it on. It really did look a bit of a giggle. I told him it was like a traffic light. Then he wanted me to do my bit. He said I had to take off my panties. I said if he wanted to do that he had to take them off. He was very worried and said I would struggle but I promised I wouldn't. He just came up close and put his hands under my skirt. It was a giggle really. His thing was poking out in front of him. And of course I had tights on and when he got the pants and tights down my legs he got them mixed up and couldn't get them off. So in the end I took them off. He sort of pushed me against the bookshelves standing up and prodding me with his cock. He had his hands under my skirt on my bottom but he couldn't find anything. He said I was trying to stop him. I said I wasn't and in the end he sat down on this chair and I put my knees either side of him. I tried to get myself on him but I couldn't. I was too dry. I was only doing it because I said I would. Then he began to get excited and moan and pull me to him. I quickly got up and then I saw he was, you know, coming. I had never actually seen that before, in a contraceptive; just like that. It was quite sexy. He was very quiet afterwards but I told him it was my fault and that I quite fancied him. I didn't really, but it had been interesting.

Quest: But it didn't stop there?

Typist: It did with Colin but not with my boyfriend.

Quest: Who was this?

Typist: A chap called Michael. I met him after this happened and he'd taken me out three times and I quite liked him and he wanted me to do it with him. Then suddenly I remembered Colin's things and I said to Michael, only if he got some of these coloured Frenchies. I said it was a laugh and I wanted to see if they felt any different. I think I wanted to look really.

Quest: So he did?

Typist: Yes, but not for a week. He said he couldn't find a shop with them. I was getting quite desperate. I invited him home after my sister, I live with her and her husband, had gone to bed. He wanted to turn the light out but I said no I wanted to see what I was getting. Aren't I crude?

Quest: Honest, certainly.

Typist: He said I was a funny bird, but he wouldn't take his trousers off but he undid them right down. I'd been thinking about the colours and I asked him to put the black one on. It was gorgeous. Like a polished marble or a bit of ebony. We did it on the floor. I really got him going, I wanted him to be really hot and passionate. I wanted to watch it going in. I wished we'd been in one of those bedrooms you see in magazines but beggars can't be choosers. But it was still gorgeous. It made me feel very funny.

Quest: In what way?

Typist: As if I was being raped, I suppose. I don't know why. It affected Michael too. He was very rough although he's normally a gentle person and when we had sex on another occasion he wasn't like that at all. I often think of that black shiny thing.

Quest: Have you ever had thoughts of being ravished by a negro?

Typist: Is that what it is? I have wondered what it would be like to have a West Indian. But I've never set out to get one and I don't think I ever would.

Quest: Would you ask Michael to wear a black contraceptive again.

Typist: I have already. We're going to. Tonight actually. His flatmate is out and we're going to have the place to ourselves. We'll be able to strip off completely. It'll be better. I'll give you a full report if you like.

Quest: Thanks.

Two **Designer, 23 years old, auburn, town of origin Doncaster**

This interviewee, a tall well-built girl with a happy, almost motherly, personality, was a designer with a commercial firm. She was single and had had a fair number of boy-friends but the present association was the only one she had ever wanted to develop into a permanent relationship. She shared a flat with three other girls.

Quest: You had mentioned earlier that you had some intimate sex problems with your boy-friend.

Designer: With him, to be precise.

Quest: What sort of problem?

Designer: He would go off too early. Premature ejaculation, I think they call it.

Quest: Yes. Go on. Tell me more about the circumstances.

Designer: I suppose he'd always had it. I mean before I met Clive I thought it was something that happened to schoolboys when they got a chance with the village tart. Do you know what I mean?

Quest: Indeed, yes.

Designer: I thought it was a little boy's complaint. Shows how wrong you can be. There, I'm 23 and Clive's 29 so you can see we're not children. He is so mature, too. I mean really mature. It's just that he's so sensitive in everything and I suppose physically too. I've hardly touched him sometimes and he's gone off. I was amazed.

Quest: Did you show your amazement?

Designer: Oh gosh, I suppose I did. You mean that didn't help?

Quest: Probably not. Tell me about the circumstances.

Designer: I've known Clive about a year. I've had a good few boyfriends but he's the one I really like. He is so kind and sort of good. When we first went out we hadn't much opportunity for the physical side. You see, I share a flat with three other girls and there's always someone in and none of us have our own bedrooms, and Clive lives

Quest

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at home with his widowed mother. He looks after her and she's dependent on him so he doesn't feel he can get a flat of his own. Anyway, it meant that our petting and things were usually in the car.

Quest: What form would it take?

Designer: Kissing and petting. Clive is really fantastic like that. His tongue and sensitive fingers and things, he gets me boiling very quickly. I absolutely writhe with pleasure. I don't know why I'm telling you that, but I do. He calls me his sweet serpent. And Clive's not inhibited. Quite early on, the first week or two of our relationship, we drove out to this pub and later went on to these quiet woods where he had me out of my knickers in no time at all; I finished up absolutely naked.

Quest: Did you have sex?

Designer: No. Clive brought me to a climax with his fingers. He has the sneakiest fingers in the world.

Quest: Did he not suggest having sex?

Designer: No. In fact around that time I gave some pretty broad hints sometimes when he had me on the go but he said the relationship meant too much to him to risk ending up in court with big headlines about nude girl on indecency charge.

Quest: How about the premature ejaculation situation? When did that occur?

Designer: About our second or third week, I suppose. We were petting in his car outside my flat, or down a side street to be precise, and I was beginning to squirm. I wasn't wearing tights and Clive had his fingers inside my pants and I was absolutely wet for him. It makes me shiver even now. I put my hand out to his trousers and I felt him tense up a bit. Anyway, I got his zip down and could feel him. I let my fingers scrabble under his pants, you know, and gripped him. I gave a great sigh of pleasure because I'd not done that with Clive before. He was pleasantly big, which always gives a girl a bit of a shock – a pleasant shock mind. Then quite suddenly Clive said a sort of strangled 'oh, oh, oh' and he came . . . just like that. And I was only holding him. I wasn't rubbing him, or anything. He was very embarrassed afterwards. He said he must have been tired or tensed or something. I said it didn't matter, but it puzzled me. And then I discovered another thing. When Clive got me nude, as we frequently did in the car, he could satisfy me easily, I just loved his fingers, but afterwards I wanted to satisfy him but he wouldn't let me. I then realised that on some occasions, not all of course, he had already come without me touching him at all. That was when I was really surprised.

Quest: And you said something?

Designer: No, not in so many words. You must think we had a very odd relationship at that stage but it wasn't so. I'm only telling you about the sex, but apart from that we were doing lovely things together. We just liked the same things. Car rallies, and water ski-ing, and little bistro restaurants. Even at that time I remember feeling how happy I was.

Quest: What happened after that?

Designer: Clive and I went on holiday together so we could be alone with a bit more freedom. We had single rooms, actually, as it was abroad and we didn't think they'd let us stay and anyway it was a package holiday and it might have been awkward. In fact, I'm not sure Clive's mother knew I was going at all. Anyway, we had a great time but the sex was not entirely cured.

Quest: Please be specific.

Designer: Clive had bought contraceptives but once he had a climax even when putting it on. But in general it was better and we had sex. But normally Clive didn't get it in very far before he was going off. It didn't matter too much, actually, because I was going off very quickly anyway. We made a lot of the foreplay and tried to make it last and then a quicker finish, if you know what I mean. Perhaps we might have improved with experience but as it turned out we didn't need to.

Quest: What happened?

Designer: It was after we had returned from holiday. It was one of those rare evenings when all the girls at the flat were out. We were petting on the sofa and I suppose we both knew we would finish up on my bed. We were lying on the sofa kissing and Clive had undone my bra and was kissing and sucking my breasts and nipples. More than that his hand was up my skirt and caressing the outside of my pants. He gets me quite damp like that. I could feel him through his trousers. We had the light out and it was fairly dark although there was a little light. Then suddenly Clive said 'just a minute' and took this packet of contraceptives from his pocket. This was unusual because he would not normally put one on until much later. Then we were on the bed and I had nothing on. He turned away and put this thing on and turned back to me. He began to get very passionate and after a while he moved my hand to his belt. It was unusual for Clive to do a thing like that. Invite me to take the initiative. I began pushing down his trousers and got them down far enough for him to kick them off. Then I did the same with his pants. I was writhing like billy-oh by then. It's very sexy pushing a boy's pants off his bottom and this was exactly the sort of thing I hadn't been able to do with Clive. I wondered if he was going to undress me as he often did, but he did something different. He seemed to be growing in confidence all the time. He just stood up and yanked my pants off. That's the only way to describe it. He just yanked them off leaving me with my legs in the air. He then put my legs over each of his shoulders and kissed me there. We'd done that before but not in this wild abandoned way. I didn't quite know what was happening. It was me who was going to go off first, I could see that. We rolled onto the floor and he sort of climbed up me nuzzling my breasts. My legs were either side of him. I felt him down below, his penis, sort of exploring quite gently. He found me and pushed gently against me. So like Clive, so gentle. I was so ready for him it made a kind of sucking noise. Then he pushed and I felt him going in me and in me and in me. It was sort of slow and exploratory, quite unlike any sex we'd had before. Then he began to move and got steadily more violent. I just clung round him as if I was in a storm. He went on and on and I felt myself coming to orgasm. I had this sort of rattle in my throat and Clive was pumping away. I was kissing him and crying after it was over but then he amazed me. He pulled away and he was still stiff. He was grinning like a schoolboy. He didn't say anything. He pulled me gently to my feet and stood with his arms round me. He then slowly undressed me completely just dropping the clothes from me. Then he put his hands round my bottom while I took off his tie and shirt. He just dropped them on the ground which was so unlike Clive. He then picked me up in his arms and marched into the bedroom. He kicked the door shut with his heel and lowered me on the bed. He lay on top of me and he gently raised himself and sort of moved forward on his elbows so that the tip of his penis was crawling up my tummy. It made me shiver and writhe again. As soon as I was ready he entered me and we went on and on. I think I must have had one orgasm after another. I was exhausted and then I put my hands on Clive's bottom and pulled him into me as far as he could go. And like that he had his climax just as I had another. We just collapsed in a heap and dozed off. I awoke after a minute or so and remembered to go out into the sitting room and collect up the clothes. When I got back I asked Clive what had happened, how was it he was so wonderful at it.

Quest: Did he tell you?

Designer: At first he didn't want to but then he said it was the contraceptive that did it. It was a special German one with some delaying cream or desensitising cream or something in it. They're expensive I'm told.

Quest: And did that solve the sex problem?

Designer: Not always. Sometimes he still goes off even with one of those. But sometimes he is better even without anything at all. It seems to depend on other circumstances. But often it works like it did that first time. Clive is quite gay about it. He talks quite bawdily now.

Quest: What sort of things?

Designer: He waves it around and says 'Help me get rid of this,' and sometimes after sex he says 'You still haven't shrivelled it, we'll have to do it again.' I like bawdy

talk, I suppose. Anyway, it helps us a lot.

Quest: As long as it works for you, that's all that matters.

Designer: That's certainly true.

Three **Secretary, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Burnley**

This interviewee had been married nine years and had no children. She and her husband owned their own flat. She had a very good job as private secretary to the managing director of a large local firm.

Quest: You were saying that you had a problem in your sex life?

Secretary: Not a big one. It's just that I had always had trouble reaching an actual orgasm.

Quest: Because of your husband's lack of technique?

Secretary: No more than other men, no. I think the trouble was me. Before I met my husband I had had sex with other men and had the same difficulty. In fact, I hadn't had an orgasm during sexual intercourse at all until I was married, although I did not realise it until the first time I did have one with my husband.

Quest: But you couldn't always get to orgasm?

Secretary: Not during sex, no. My husband usually had to finish me off after he had finished, but by then he was nearly asleep and his heart wasn't in the job, if you see what I mean.

Quest: Yes. But then something happened?

Secretary: Yes, only last month, to tell the truth.

Quest: Tell me.

Secretary: I was in bed a bit early curled up on my side reading a book.

Quest: Nude?

Secretary: No, I was wearing a shortie nightie. I usually do. Bob came to bed. He got in and snuggled up to me as he often does. He just wears pyjama tops . . .

Quest: Just pyjama tops? Not just pyjama bottoms?

Secretary: No. Randy Bob he was always called before I married him, and Randy Bob he still is. Anyway, he curled up beside me and he sort of fits in behind me, if you follow. I was on my side turned away from him so his chest was against my back.

Quest: And your bottom against his genitals?

Secretary: How did you guess?

Quest: Doesn't something often happen. You don't need to be a Randy Bob to get a reaction. Certainly not with a girl like you?

Secretary: Thank you. Yes, it does often happen. It's how we often start a session. It did this time. I felt Bob rising. We have a joke: 'Randy's rising'. I usually just part my thighs slightly and Randy rising comes up between them, just nestling along my front.

Quest: Against your pubic hair?

Secretary: Yes, except I shave. Bob prefers it that way.

Quest: And what happened this time?

Secretary: It tickled, that's what. I've always been a bit ticklish but, surprisingly enough, I've never been tickled there. Then Bob began to move quietly. You know, slide it up and down a little bit along my front and it was very tickly. I began to squirm a bit, to be honest. Gradually I realised it was something different. 'What have you got there?' I said to Bob. 'Look for yourself,' he said. The light was still on, so I pulled up the bedclothes and looked. It was quite a giggle really. I thought something had gone wrong with it! Then Bob told me. It was a 'tickler' one of these contraceptives and it had a little ridge along the top like a cock's comb. Ooh, I've made a funny.

Quest: What did you say?

Secretary: I asked Bob what it was although I really knew because I'd heard about them and even seen a catalogue. He said 'It's a little device to please my lady. Shall we see if it works?' I thought that rather sweet of him and twisted round and kissed him. It was a bit of a wet one which he likes. He did his old trick of sliding his hands straight up the front of my nightie and tweeking my nipples. That usually gets me going. We were having a bit of a tumble and then he began to stir me up a bit below.

Quest: How did he do that?

Secretary: It sounds funny, I know. But he wets his finger and gently slides it up and down the crack. I get a bit responsive and then his finger tip slides inside looking for the little gnome on the toadstool.

Quest: The what?

Secretary: It must sound soppy, I know. It's this wine you're giving me. It's what we sometimes call my clit. We find the medical words very off-putting.

Quest: I see. And the gnome raised his head.

Secretary: Yes he did actually. When I was a bit warmed up Bob bent me forward on all fours and was behind me and over my back. He put it underneath and began a sort of pumping motion. Only not in me. Just so the fringe thing was brushing me. It was quite pleasant but nothing madly to turn me on. I think Bob could see it wasn't working all that well because he altered position. He put his legs between mine and lay down on the bed. I lowered myself on his tummy facing his feet. In that way I could see his Tommy, that's another of our words. We've done it this way before and it's a favourite of Bob's. We got it out of that book we bought from your book society, to be honest. Before it was nice but, well, this time it was different. I could see this tickler thing of course and I suddenly became very curious about it. The idea of putting it in to myself seemed very exciting. I did this and it must have caught me on a sensitive spot. I could feel it all tickly and tingly and I sort of rocked from side to side and raised and lowered myself and quite suddenly I was on cloud seven and hadn't realised it. It built up so quickly and suddenly I lost all sense of time and it was hot and sizzly. I can't say more except I was calling out words I didn't ever think I knew. Wow, I really loved that tickler.

Quest: And did it work for your husband?

Secretary: That's the trouble. Unfortunately Bob finds it destroys sensitivity for him. But we've found one good way although we can't always do it. Once I've had an orgasm I am still very receptive. So we do it once with a tickler and then try and do it again with an ordinary very thin sheath. One for me and one for him, we call it. Unfortunately even Randy Bob falls asleep sometimes after my go and before his. I get the best of it I suppose.

Quest: Have you tried other types?

Secretary: One or two, but the first one suited us best. Here's a laugh if you don't mind me being rude. Bob brought this one with like a screw thread on. 'What's that for,' I said 'screwing?' I was so naive I didn't realise what I had said. Never mind. All good clean fun.

Quest: Yes, indeed. Thanks for telling me so much.

Secretary: It's a pleasure. So's our tickler.

SURVEY SUMMARY

One of the more interesting aspects of this survey was that although there was initial difficulty in finding girls with experience of the new types of condom, once we found them there was no difficulty in getting them to talk. They were quite anxious to give their views and share their feelings. It reminded us a little of the very first Quest survey undertaken when we discovered to our surprise how eager girls were to talk about the advantages of a man acting in a decision-making way towards them.

In Interview One we find a very typical example of casual sex of the 1970's. How devastatingly this would read to a Victorian. Apparently, out of sheer curiosity, an attractive girl allows a man she certainly had no special feeling for to penetrate her. Did it really happen? Was this girl phantasising? Probably not when you consider how many girls in London or any big city on any one particular night are having sex for apparently shallow reasons: boredom, curiosity, inevitability, social convention, insecurity. The interesting factor for us was that this little sexual gimmick enabled a boy to achieve what he had probably been dreaming about for months and saw no signs of realising. The fact that the experience, when it came, was less than satisfactory, is not relevant to the point.

In Interview Two we broke new ground and thought it a particularly important interview. This is the first time we have managed a complete interview around the problem of premature ejaculation although in many other interviews it has been alluded to and is possibly the most common of sexual shortcomings for men. The girl here was extremely intelligent, honest, and motivated we felt sure by a deep love and regard for her boy friend whom she hoped would in time become her husband. The girl seemed unaware of what seemed obvious to us, that her boy friend was less mature sexually than his age and outlook would suggest. This may be due to early sexual experience or the quite strong and lingering parental influence. The girl, also, was unaware, but quickly picked up the point, that her own expressed astonishment had not helped the problem. What had helped enormously was the fact that the non-sex part of their relationship was so happy and uncomplicated that the sexual adjustment was not an overwhelming problem. One of the advantages of a 'long love' contraceptive, as one type is called, is that it looks no different from a normal condom and if the relationship has reached that level, the condom can be tried without calling attention to the man's problem.

Once he realised he was not going to ejaculate immediately, his reassurance increased and with it his sexual aggression. Interesting too, that once his confidence was restored he could on later occasions perform satisfactorily without the delaying cream.

At this point we thought it reasonable to make a special point on premature ejaculation. We have nearly enough material to run a Quest report on it if readers desire and it does appear to be one of three common sexual difficulties in men. In the past year a number of leading sex technique books – including the Sensuous Man reviewed in this issue – report favourably on the method of curing premature ejaculation whereby at a crucial stage the girl grasps the man's penis in a certain way. The shortcoming of this method, in our Quest experience, is that shyness and lack of confidence seem to us the overwhelming cause of not having a satisfactory sexual relationship, and where this has resulted in premature ejaculation, it is of little comfort to say 'first find a sympathetic woman who will hold your penis.' It is what a lot of men spend a lot of time looking for, anyway.

In Interview Three we find a woman, married for nine years, and able now to confess that she rarely reached orgasm. In her case one of the special new condoms worked wonders. We speculated whether one factor of this, apparent from the interview, was her sense of humour, almost childish in its terms, which might make her see such a device as an amusing toy, whereas another woman might be more anxious about such a thing on ethical or medical grounds.

The main general conclusion we could make from our survey was that of the girls we spoke to there seemed no psychological harm in the devices used; in general they appeared helpful in a sex relationship. If these devices become common-place one would, however, expect independent tests of any creams, sprays or gels used to ensure there were no harmful side effects.

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FRICTION GRIPTION & GO

Since 1903 car firms have tried to get drive to all four corners of the car

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Kicking the dust from its heels with easy power is BLMH's Range Rover,

Bear with me a moment. I'm just taking Class IIB in Elementary Physics. Since a lot of us know less science that we ought, you might care to eavesdrop . . .

Motor-cars wouldn't be possible if there was no such thing as friction. They are driven, the vast majority of them, through two of their four wheels and it is the friction between tyre and road which causes them to move. If the Deity decided to deprive us of this essential if unseen commodity – friction – we might try to be clever and use an airscrew, an aeroplane propeller, to get our motor-car moving. It was done in Paris in the mad-'twenties and as the ladies crossed the boulevard behind it, it made more meyhem with the long skirts of those times than it would to today's mini-coverings. But, nevertheless, we should find that friction between wheels and road was still required to steer and to stop it.

This is one factor of the carriage-without-horses which has never varied. The horses relied on friction, too, between hooves and the highway and when they were ousted by the internal-combustion engine this was transferred to the back wheels of the car. When the friction co-efficient became inadequate, those driving wheels spun. Cars do this on icy roads, just as locomotives do so on slippery steel rails. How would you have overcome this difficulty?

By dividing up the effort between four instead of only the two back wheels. Very good, except that there were technical difficulties about making wheels turn for steering while transmitting the drive. These engineering headaches have now been largely overcome, as witness the considerable number of different cars which rely on front-wheel-drive to give them improved stability when taking corners.

This being the case, what problems, apart from increased cost and weight, does driving *all* the car's wheels introduce? On soft going, across fields and over mud and ice and polished snow, none. But on hard roads the four driven wheels try to fight it out among themselves, which causes otherwise good tyres to grind off their treads in no time.

I do not intend to explain why this is so. It is tied up with that curious piece of mechanism which hides within the centre of a conventional back-axle – the differential, the functioning of which they say can only be properly understood by making a Meccano model of it.

It is actually a sort of adjuster of the differing speeds which the inner and outer wheels assume when rounding a corner. The inner wheel travels a shorter path than the outer wheel, which therefore has to turn more quickly than its fellow. We want to drive both of them to get maximum friction or grip, but if we connect them with a solid shaft either one wheel must slip or the shaft must snap as we corner. The differential avoids this, by balancing up the drive, although if one wheel encounters a slippery patch on the corner it will spin wildly, transmitting all the drive to its fellow, which is why the rally boys, who want maximum traction all the time (and don't usually pay for their tyres) use limited-slip diffs.

If those who are dozing will now wake up, what I am coming to is simply that if you drive all four wheels of a car, even using a diff. in each axle, nasty complications or interactions occur with the wheels gripping a normal road surface. To overcome this needs something rather elusive, which rather surprisingly has taken years to arrive.

History is notorious for discrediting neat technical statements. Thus four-wheel-drive has had a long innings, in spite of the foregoing statement. The Dutch firm of Spyker used it for a Paris Salon exhibit in 1903, the motive power a 50 hp six-cylinder engine, but this one never got into production. Then there were those American 4WD trucks of the First World War period, high and ungainly, but you could see the prop-shafts taking the drive to front and back wheels. This contribution to 'gription' was seemingly very necessary, as the tyres were smooth, untreaded rubbers.

These 4WD lorries also pioneered forward-drive, the cab being directly behind the radiator, because the engine had to be roughly centrally-placed, to aid distribution of the four-wheel-drive. For years after the Armistice they were popular with showmen having heavy loads to haul and no money to spare for steam traction-engines.

When I was a boy someone evolved a light car in South London, close to where I was brought up, which not only drove and braked on all four wheels, but steered on all four as well, which, if you think about it, meant that a forgetful driver tended to sweep people off the pavements as he drove away.

The purpose behind the complexities of all-wheel-drive was better grip, better use of that invisible friction between road and driving wheels, so it would seem essential for racing cars, which lose out on acceleration from the corners if their wheels spin.

It was tried at Indianapolis by Miller in 1938 and his blown-six qualified for the famous 500

RANGE ROVER

the ultimate in four wheel drive; a take you everywhere, do anything estate wagon embodying saloon comfort and a high performance V8 engine

Mile Race as late as 1947. But it was for cross-country work that 4WD was really intended. Thus it was found in the American Jeeps of World War Two and in the Land Rover, one of Britain's top automotive engineering achievements. In these vehicles and most other 4WD devices you lock-in the all-drive for the slippery bits, disengage it for hard-road motoring to conserve the tyres. While you will be able to claw your way up the side of a snow-covered mountain, if not the side of a house, back on less arduous terrain you have no better grip, no more immunity from skidding, than in any other rear-drive vehicle.

This seemed all wrong to the late Harry Ferguson, the man who became a millionaire by bravely fighting Ford over tractor patents. He felt very strongly about road safety, as attained by giving a driver the best possible control over his vehicle. What he wanted was four-wheel-drive you could keep in use over all surfaces, without wearing the tyres or encountering other problems. He solved this boffins' connundrum by inserting a fifth diff. in the drive shaft serving the front and rear axles, which anyway had differentials of their own. This was the Patented Ferguson System. It works, and why no-one thought of it before eludes me.

I have told *Mayfair* readers of long standing about how Harry summonsed the elite of the motor Press to his extensive estate near Stow-on-the-Wold, at some ungodly hour in the morning, to see the Ferguson 4WD in action. We arrived bleary-eyed, with our gumboots, as instructed by Ferguson's business manager, racing-driver Tony Rolt. We were lectured in the fine library about the inherent dangers of driving an ordinary 2WD vehicle on slippery roads, especially if we had to slap on the brakes – an elementary kid's talk, in the course of which one eminent Editor was slapped on the knees by the millionaire for daring to shut his eyes. We afterwards repaired to a hosed-down grass-grown hill, up which lots of 2WD cars refused to go, including Ferguson's chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, but up which the still-unfinished Fergy Four-Driver, Rolt at the helm, romped, even when towing a heavily-laden trailer. But only after a humble Volkswagen had made it look pretty easy with just a rear-engine and rear-wheel-drive, unless you insisted on pulling a laden trailer up the 1 in 2.

However, good 'gription' wasn't the only Ferguson merit. You could, thanks to that multiplication of differentials, use 4WD all the time – although you will need a lot of Meccano to find out why. This gave remarkable control of the vehicle on wet or icy roads. As the ingenious Harry had insisted on installing the anti-locking Dunlop Maxaret braking system, which was too costly and complex for lesser motor folk, the safety factor really was a high one. It was a just case of sitting back and seeing who would adopt such a worthwhile pair of innovations. The answer, although it was a very long time coming, was, of course, Jensen.

Meanwhile Tony Rolt got busy at the little Ferguson factory outside Coventry, mighty well equipped with expensive machine tools, and evolved a 4WD Ferguson racer. This had some success, driven by Jack Fairman and Stirling Moss, especially when the rains came. But, with modern-rubber-mix, garden - roller - width racing tyres, and traction enhanced by the use of down-thrust aerofoils, there has been no acceptance of 4WD in modern motor racing.

It isn't that it hasn't been tried. Indeed, in 1969 that brilliant engineer Keith Duckworth and his collaborator Mike Costin were convinced the 4WD was the way to win F1 races. Having evolved a highly-successful Grand Prix racing engine, the 90 deg. 3-litre V8 DFV for Ford of Britain for a modest expenditure of not much more than £100,000, they built the Cosworth 4WD GP car. The chassis design was the work of ex-McLaren engineer Robin Herd. It was never raced.

That year Lotus, McLaren and Matra all went 4WD. The French firm used the Ferguson system, the others a Hewland transmission. None of these was successful. They encountered under-steering problems which are already known to drivers of front-drive machines and in the end the Lotus 63, Matra MS84 and McLaren M9A were quietly dropped.

It had been a sad story of accidents and mechanical failures. The best any of these 4WD F1 racers from top factories could claim was sixth at Mosport, seventh at Watkins Glen and eight at Mexico, all attained by Servoz-Gavin in the Matra MS84.

So the real purpose of driving all four corners of a car remains off-the-road exploration, together with some benefits in better handling on hard surfaces.

This has been appreciated by those who drive motor vehicles in places where authority has not provided roads for them. Armies, police forces, explorers, American youth driving about the beaches, farmers in wet fields, all have often kept going and returned home solely by the grace of 4WD. The British Land-Rover, of which more than 750,000 have been produced, is one of the most successful of these 4WD-ers. America has discovered the 4WD Toyota, the Haflinger is the lightweight of the breed, the Gypsy was Austin's version, the Champ had the luxury engine . . . There is no novelty about driving all the wheels – except for the private motor-car. It is here that the Jensen FF and the Range Rover come into it. There have been police Ford Zephyrs and rallycross Ford Capris with the Ferguson system, but these you and I cannot buy. The Jensen FF and the Range Rover we can buy, respectively at £7,752 and £2,134.

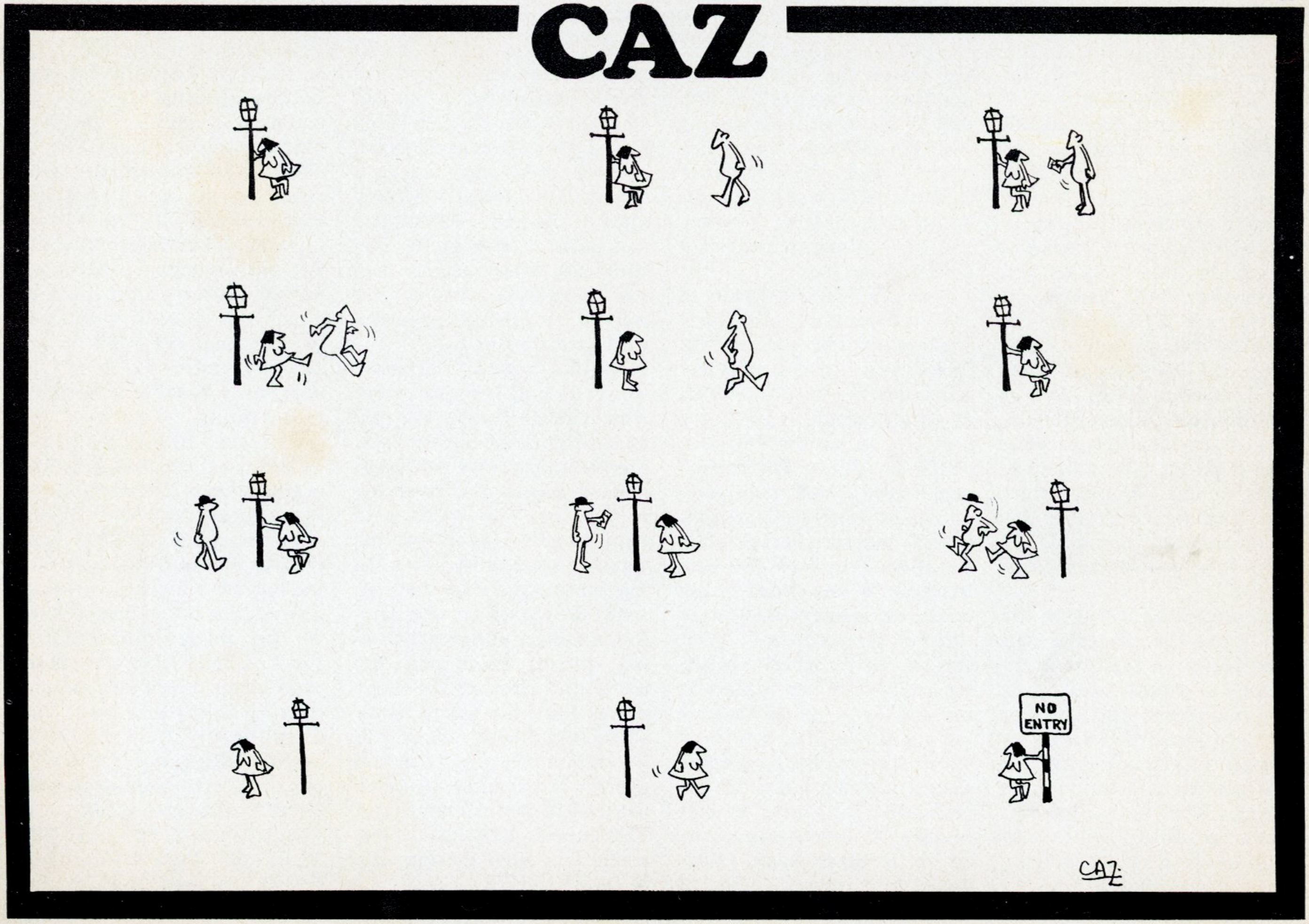
The Jensen FF, with its Ferguson four-wheel drive and Dunlop Maxaret braking, is as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar. You can hoof all the power produced by its 6.3-litre Chrysler engine onto a slippery road and jet-away, straight as an arrow, attaining 50 mph in well under half-a-dozen fleeting seconds. You can do this in a corner and there are no alarming moments.

It really is the safest big-engined car I have tried, which is as well, because away from Britain's speedlimit-inhibited roads, the luxury Jensen wafts up to 140 mph. It stops so safely, too, with those Dunlop anti-lock brakes, even if the pedal pumps up and down under your foot if you stamp on it on, say, dewy grass. The safety factor built into a car by having maximum traction for going and controlled 'gription' when you have to stop, is not to be ignored. I am surprised that only Jensen appreciate this fact. The Ferguson/Maxaret mechanicals are expensive. That is the only deterrent.

The Range Rover shows to perfection the merits of all-time 4WD. It is helped in this by the smooth, torquey light-alloy $3\frac{1}{2}$-litre V8 engine it uses. This alone makes it a formidable cross-country runner, and when I experimented on snow-strewn hills with mud beneath the *neige* I was astonished at the Solihull Ranger's lack of concern, even in its high set of gear ratios and without recourse to a locked centre diff. If you lock-in the fifth differential, there is no knowing what it would scale. Prison walls, maybe.

This roomy, comfortable deluxe sort of Land Rover is clearly going to be essential stabling for affluent and gentleman (there is a difference) farmers. It gains from 4WD in sure-footed cornering on the A and B roads, it will just about never get itself bogged-down, and the low-range of gearing should take it anywhere you please. The winch seems an unnecessary luxury for all but the All-Wheel-Drive Club and Land-Rover Club go-rallying chaps . . . A Range Rover does all its work in 4WD without detriment to the tyres (Michelin XM+S on the one I drove), it runs up to nearly 100 mph just like an ordinary car, crawls at 1.7 mph at 1,000 rpm at the other extreme in low-first gear, has disc brakes all round and is the snob-carrier of the 'seventies. And I'll tell you another thing! The Range Rover is so lofty that the view in fog, as in ordinary visibility, of the traffic situation ahead is excellent – another built-in safety factor in this velvet-powered possessor of maximum 'gription,' that too elusive motoring miracle.

Well, damn it, who *wants* to be towed out of the showground car-park? Or have to abandon the vehicle and walk home, from the top of Cader Idris?



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